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THE MAN WHOM THE KING-MAKERS FORGET

WHAT is going on between Marshal Badoglio and General Eisenhower? So far as is known the Italian soldier and his King, after submitting in words to "unconditional surrender," have asked for the status of allies among the United Nations. Willy nilly they must fight. If they stand by with folded arms, the enemy executes their generals, as he did at Naples, for "un-co-operative conduct," disarms their troops, as he did in the Balkans, and sends them off to Germany to work for him in field or factory. As for the King, he has now to face a puppet Republican Fascist Party in Lombardy with Mussolini at its head. Belligerents, then, the King and his premier are. It may be correct, therefore, to describe them as "co-belligerents," a word which has for diplomatists a rather less honourable ring than "allies," since it does not connote equality. But it seems that the King and his premier are trying to exact a price for their support. When men have no choice, they cannot name a high figure. What they ask is still a secret. Is it a guarantee for the monarchy? Is it some remnant of the overseas Empire, which Mr. Churchill described as "irretrievably lost"? Is it the right to misgovern some Slavs at the head of the Adriatic or some Austrians in the South Tyrol? Or is it, perhaps, a pledge that Italy shall be exempted from the disarmament which the Atlantic Charter prescribed for all the partners in the aggressions of the Axis? We do not know, but on the first head a semi-official statement from Washington justifies anxiety. It conceded that King Victor Emmanuel's record might be open to criticism, but it dwelt with an old-world accent on the services of his ancestors to Italy—and their own royal house. The curious part of this story is that while the long-range terms which Italy must accept were communicated to the Royal Government before September 3rd and were then presumably accepted, they have not yet been published. Are they in process of revision, or are they to be shelved to spare Badoglio's prestige?

On pondering the scanty news of these transactions, we stood back from the canvas, and tried to see it as the historian may, when with ampler documents and a knowledge of the sequel, he recounts the unique story. A weak king, a blustering dictator, an elderly field-marshal, the armies of three greater Powers—but where in this chronicle is the people of Italy? The tale begins with Mussolini's march on Rome, twenty-one years ago. His blackshirts were merely a rabble of turbulent middle-class youths, hired by Big Business. In the Chamber their votes were negligible. The army could have dispersed them with "a whiff of grapeshot." As for the workers, they cancelled each other out by their own divisions, while the Catholic Popolari were immobilised by the Vatican. At the centre, as guardian of the tradition of the Risorgimento and the Constitution, sat a king who lacked, by all accounts, not intelligence but character. Through twenty years he covered with the cloak of legitimacy the posturing adventurer who first suppressed all that was liberal and humane in the character of his kingdom and then plunged a people apt in the arts of peace into one warlike adventure after another. It ended as we know. The soldiers whom his oratory had failed to turn into Romans passively renounced his imperial dreams by welcoming captivity, first in Greece, then in Libya and finally in Sicily. Fascism believes in plebiscites. This was the first it could not rig. Only at the end by strikes in Turin and Milan, did the most virile part of this nation, the workers of the North, go into action by its own choice. From the resulting collapse of Fascism emerged a figure whom the inert, anonymous Italian peasant, so eloquent, so articulate and yet so dumb, is asked to accept as spokesman. It did not choose him. All there is to be said for him is that he knew how to use artillery on the Piave and mustard gas in Abyssinia. But the King, it seems, will obey him, and so will the senior officers of his fleet and the remnant of his armies.

Once in Rome, Badoglio promises, the King will form a "democratic" Government. As earnest of his intentions he now relies on a Ministry composed of a Palace hack and a quartette of soldiers, including General Roatta, whose barbarities in Slovenia give him the distinction of standing high on the list of war criminals compiled by the Allied Government of Yugoslavia. Could anything be done more certain to make our cause distrusted in the Balkans? As for the Duke of Addis Ababa himself, it is probably true that he never admired Mussolini, but he served him in the worst of his enterprises, while braver and better men than himself were murdered, broken in prison or driven into exile. All that can be said for him and his royal master is that they had the intelligence to turn their coats when they saw that the Axis was beaten.

Below these servants of the House of Savoy are the fleet and fragments of the Italian army, conscript peasants for whom the only realities in life are their vines, their wheat-fields, the distant landlord who exacts his rent and the priest who bids them obey. What can the peasant make of it? Yesterday the Duce was always right; to-day he is a traitor. Year after year, this King bade him sacrifice himself for the German ally in African deserts against the "pluto-democracies" of the West. Suddenly the same king begins over the air to denounce this same ally of yesterday as "the enemy of mankind." What has happened? He cannot guess: he only knows that he must still stand in the ranks, or on the deck, and still pay the rent of idle landlord and the dues of the Church. Was ever helpless humanity so cynically abused; was ever cannon-fodder so frankly made an object of trade for interests not its own?

It will not do. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt, absorbed in strategy, have gone too far in forgetting the common man. This pair of Italians with whom they are trading have no goods to deliver. Their conscripts will not fight for them. At the utmost they might be useful, since they feel hunger like other men, as a labour corps behind the lines. If we want Italians to fight, there is only one way to manage it. Let them volunteer. A minority of them can fight gallantly, as the Garibaldian Legion fought in Spain. Under leaders they trusted, the more spirited of the younger and better-educated men would do that again. But not for us, and not for their King. They would fight for a new Italy in which the passive and exploited masses shall no longer be an inert object of trade. But in that case, while Italy would rise from the

dust, we doubt whether the House of Savoy would have a future. London and Washington are following two incompatible ends. They want to enlist Italian man-power and they want to preserve the old order. If they cling to both these ends, they will attain neither of them.

Benes and Eden

So, after all, President Benes will not go to Moscow—at least for some months. It is clear from Mr. Eden's statement in the House of Commons, and from the Czechoslovak Government's official statement last week-end, that the Foreign Office objects to Czechoslovakia signing a treaty of mutual assistance with the U.S.S.R. at the present time. The diplomatic correspondent of the *Times*, who often reflects Foreign Office views, observes that the "British Government recognises the dangers that would arise if anything like an unregulated competition in alliances were to develop among the smaller Powers." This argument invites the question: why do smaller Powers seek such alliances, and why with Soviet Russia? Is it not because the Foreign Office policy towards our central European and Balkan Allies has hitherto been one of doing and saying as little as possible, apparently on the assumption that every problem can be solved when the fighting ceases? Especially has this been so with regard to relations between Russia, Czechoslovakia and Poland. Nobody can ignore the difficulties involved in the Russo-Polish frontier issue, but if it is allowed to drag on until the peace it will hold up Central European reconstruction during the critical period immediately following the end of hostilities. For the Poles in London make no secret of the fact that they will not take the responsibility of entering into any "unfavourable" agreement on the question of the frontier with Russia until the Poles at home have been consulted. Even then, if some of those here who claim to speak for Poland can be believed, any compromise on this frontier issue will be rejected. What is wanted is a Russian-Polish-Czechoslovak tripartite agreement. This is the only hope for reconstruction in Central Europe. None would be happier than President Benes to see such agreement; and Czechoslovakia, because of its central position and the political maturity of the Czechs, could do much to see it through.

Finland and the U.S.S.R.

A fortnight ago the Finnish diet went into secret session to debate foreign policy and the government issued a statement stressing Finland's will for peace and the need for continued national unity. Even in government quarters it is felt that Germany can no longer win the war, and that the wise course for Finland is to conclude peace with Russia on the best terms which can be obtained. Difficulty is still felt, however, about approaching Russia directly, although both Americans and Swedes have advised that it is the only thing to do. These were already the feelings in Finland before the Italian capitulation, and before the Russian advance to the Dnieper. There is a military side, however, to the picture. There has long been quiet on the front north of Leningrad, and as the war progresses there seems to be less and less reason why Marshal Stalin should want to conclude a peace with Finland such as would enable General Dietl to withdraw his seven divisions from the north, where, since Hitler lost his Swedish communications, they have become very expensive to maintain. Moreover, Finland, as Germany's *protégé*, requires grain. Finnish newspapers seek every opportunity of saying that this is "a defensive war." Yet Russia is not attacking. There are elements in Finland which want to postpone a settlement with Russia until a decision has been reached in the world war—in the hope that Finland will become a bone of contention between Russia and the Western Powers. "Finland's frontier," wrote a Finnish newspaper the other day, "is the frontier between East and West." *Svenska Pressen*, organ of the Swedish minority, warns against such "political romanticism," and advises a return to Nordic collaboration. Danish events have produced a revulsion of Finnish feeling against the Nazis, and it is significant that this is openly expressed, despite the fact that one of the main targets of Danish *saboteurs* is Hitler's communications with Dietl.

Reaction in Argentina

The phoenix of the Red Bogey, driven from Europe, raises its head in South America. President Ramirez seems to be in the tradition of classical anti-Communism as well as being an expert in double-talk. His speeches against "Bolshevism" mask a campaign of unprecedented repression against all democratic elements in Argentina. After his June *coup-d'état* that ousted the vacillating but pro-Nazi Castillo junta, London and Washington too hastily welcomed his promises of internal reform and a changed foreign policy. Recognition, the withholding of which would have been a powerful means of pressure on the one Latin-American state that has failed to break relations with the Axis, was rashly granted. Thus fortified, Ramirez embarked upon a vicious persecution of Argentina's anti-fascists. Not only has their press been banned and a large number of distinguished professional men and labour leaders jailed, but systematic anti-Semitic propaganda has been accompanied by the imprisonment of many prominent Jews. Internal conditions continue to deteriorate; corruption is widespread; under the state of siege the promised elections are indefinitely postponed and constitutional rights suspended. Severe censorship makes it difficult to obtain much news. But José Maria Argana, a leader of the General Confederation of Workers in Argentina, and Enrique Rodriguez, secretary-general of the Uruguayan trade union movement, have recently brought first-hand information about the struggle of the Argentine democrats. "The workers are not neutral," said Argana, "because they are democratic." Argana and Rodriguez appealed to progressive forces to help them against their clique of Fascists now ruling their country. It is not enough for the Foreign Office to express "disappointment" with Ramirez.

Allies in South America

It is not possible for the Latin American nations to equip large forces and despatch them overseas. But most of them are truly in the war. Their contribution is mainly the supply of strategic raw materials, especially to the U.S.A., the provision of bases for the protection of communications, and political co-operation with the Allies. The large-scale export of primary industrial and agricultural products has meant an increasing flow of money into these States. Owing to their failure to carry out a successful conversion from peace to war economies, this inflow of capital has had an inflationary effect. The resulting rise in the cost of living, exaggerated by corruption, hoarding and profiteering, has placed heavy burdens upon the people. Although the constituent unions of the Confederation of Latin American Workers (C.T.A.L.) have taken a no-strike pledge and are committed to labour-management co-operation, the failure to control prices is leading to an extremely difficult position. If there is no price-control the Trade Unions will be forced to demand wage increases in an effort to end present widespread poverty and misery. The August conference of the C.T.A.L. voiced the urgency of effective measures to end the war speedily, not only because economic pressure is near breaking point, but also because the Latin American workers have a very close experience of the meaning of Fascism. The extent of Latin American participation in the war depends largely upon the strength of the Union.

Civil Aviation

Mr. Roosevelt's statements, made last Friday, about the future of civil aviation, were couched in terms intended to answer American critics; but they acquire international importance because he went out of his way to say that he had been discussing the question fully with Mr. Churchill. His statement dealt both with the ownership and operation of air lines and with air bases. In dealing with the latter, he was answering critics who have been demanding that American bases built on British or other foreign territory during the war shall belong permanently to the United States, and shall come under U.S. sovereignty. How, he inquired, would the senators who made this demand like foreign governments to have sovereign rights over air bases in the United States? Did they think America could buy Croydon airport? On the wider question Mr. Roosevelt, by declaring that most air lines should be nationally (but not publicly) owned, ruled out the idea of internationalisation. He also, as far as the United States is concerned, barred nationalisation, though he referred in passing to possible publicly owned United Nations, as well as United States, lines on routes that private concerns could not operate at a profit. Apart from this, his internationalism appeared to be limited to the grant of re-fuelling facilities and to arrangements, which he thought would not be difficult, about the use of airports. A discouraging declaration, but not more discouraging than was to be expected in face of the pressure of American interests. But how far does Mr. Churchill agree, and how far is Great Britain committed in these vital issues? Action taken by Cunard and other liner companies to operate air services suggests that British shipowners think they know the answer.

The Future of Local Government

Now that we know the Government have decided against any major changes in local government structure, it becomes all the more urgent to get answers to those problems which must be solved in one way or another if we are to make do with the existing structure for some time after the war. The most urgent of all these problems is that of local government finance. At present, many local authorities, in blitzed and evacuated areas, are simply bankrupt; and it is plain that, even apart from special costs in relation to extensive schemes of planning and rebuilding, many of them have no prospect of being able to finance a resumption of existing services on anything like the pre-war basis. It is clear that there must be either extensive new sources of local revenue, such as a local income tax, or a great increase in the proportion of local costs borne out of national funds. Yet the Educational White Paper, the first Government declaration which involves large post-war expenditure on local government services, goes no distance in this direction, leaving the burden of the proposed extension of school services to be shared between local rates and State grants not very differently from what has been done in the past. Is the Government alive to this issue, which will have to be faced generally, and not merely piecemeal? Is there any committee reviewing the general question of local finance? Is there any attempt to provide an answer to the special, but vitally important question of the distribution of planning and re-building costs between local and national resources? Until there is, and the answers are known, what are local authorities to do? All their plans, from the great London Plan downwards, must remain mere castles in the air.

Post-war Control

Mr. Herbert Morrison has made yet another of his really important, forward-looking speeches. His theme on this occasion is the necessity for a retention of "controls" and of a planned economic system, when the war is over. In his speech he gave a telling account of what occurred after the last war, when the war controls were prematurely removed—one year's boom, in prices but not in production, followed by three years of severe slump and thereafter by modified slump which lasted until the fresh disasters of the years after 1929. The removal of the controls post-haste in 1919 occurred, Mr. Morrison pointed out, not because the Government intended to remove them, but because of a news-

paper campaign reinforcing a clamour from business men who wanted to go back to the old times—times which were really gone past recall. Mr. Morrison said he expected a similar clamour, and a similar campaign, after this war, and called for a better-instructed public opinion to refuse to be led away by cries about "bureaucracy." Especially he stressed the need for keeping on at the one end rationing of scarce consumers' goods, and at the other rationed control over scarce materials needed for vital purposes, such as building and the promotion of export trade. These are, indeed, the key points. Given rationing, where it is needed, of final consumers' goods and a tight control over supplies of essential materials, the State will be able to afford to relax speedily many of the intermediate controls.

The Indian Famine

The news of the Indian famine is still so terrible that our imagination shrinks from the task of picturing it. The British raj has failed in a major test, and what is belatedly done now is still pitifully inadequate. While we think the Muslim League's Coalition Ministry in Bengal has been unequal to its responsibilities, the major blame falls on the Centre, which clung until the other day to its doctrinaire policy of free trade in food. Sir Theodore Gregory's Committee has now outlined a better plan in an elaborate report. But we are not sure that, even now, the central Board for co-ordination which it proposes will have adequate powers. The Centre must be prepared to dictate, as it would do, if it had to deal with a political crisis. In spite of the complexity of Indian conditions, we would again urge that experts familiar with our own technique in dealing with inflation, food production and distribution should be seconded for service at Delhi. The crisis goes far beyond the shortage of rice: it is an all-round economic chaos: coal, for example, is harder to obtain in Bengal than food. Rationing, when it gets going, may do something for the big towns. But the worst victim of this famine is the landless village labourer. At long last—we were calling attention to famine in India a year ago—wheat ships are on the way to Bengal. We look to Lord Wavell to bring a better atmosphere. But things have to be done on the moral plane, which no foreign administration can do unaided. Without Indian support and confidence this famine cannot be vanquished. The first step is to allot shipping: the second is to release responsible Congress leaders and to use their organisation in the villages.

CHINESE CINDERELLA

The Kuomintang Central Executive Committee and People's Political Council have just finished their meetings in Chungking. They were of great importance; yet they caused only the faintest ripple of interest in the British and American press. From being the pet of the United Nations, China has become the Cinderella. Neither role suits a great nation passing through the bitterest crisis of its history. China needs substantial aid and she needs understanding. Neglect is as dangerous as patronage. To combine, as we do to-day, sentimental speeches on public platforms with unconstructive criticism in the privacy of official circles makes the situation worse. If the public here and in the United States is not told the truth about the corruption, the black market, the growth of totalitarian methods, the deterioration of social life, which are the substance of official talk about China, one day revelations will come, and sentimentalism, founded on ignorance, will change to cynicism. Similarly, if the new Chinese democracy, hungry and disillusioned, continues to be so far isolated from the rest of the world, there is grave danger that the China of the future will be not the friend, but the enemy of the Western democracies.

Pearl Harbour and the Japanese success in Burma and throughout South-West Asia had the unexpected effect of slowing down the war on Chinese territory; indeed, it produced a virtual stalemate. If Japan was too preoccupied to launch any large-scale offensive in China, the Chinese, cut off from all source of supplies, except those which could trickle over the Himalayas in an occasional aeroplane, were not equipped for any initiative against Japan. Since 1937 the Chinese have fought against the mechanised armies of Japan, generously supplied with oil and war materials from the United States and the British Empire. After Pearl Harbour the Chinese confidently expected a speedy end to their heroic and uneven battle. The opposite happened. After the loss of the Burma Road they were isolated.

All reports coming from China to-day speak of the population as sick at heart. Her armies are ill-equipped and badly fed. Many thousands have died from famine in Honan province. Students and teachers alike are hungry. It is a standing jest that the University professor is now paid less than the rickshaw-puller. The student class and intellectuals, who have played so great a part in the history of China, have shared with all those of fixed incomes the terrible effects of a vast inflation. There is a rush amongst students to learn technical and commercial subjects. If there is good as well as evil in these changes it is more than counter-balanced by the increasing wealth of the merchant class and the admitted growth of corruption and the success of the black marketeer. If we add to this picture that the secret police is again unpleasantly active, that free speech has become dangerous and criticism in the press is punished, we begin to understand why those who return from China to-day talk of frustration and cynicism beginning to take the place of the vital belief in democracy which was so hopeful and splendid a feature of China during the earlier days of her lonely resistance against Japan. Unity against Japan remains, but the division between the Eighteenth Route Army and the main armies of Chiang Kai-shek is not bridged. The Generalissimo's recent statement that "the Chinese Communist problem is purely political and should be solved by political means" means, we may take it, that he personally is opposed to any efforts to solve this problem by a renewal of the fighting which took place some years ago between the Central Government and the Communist armies. Yet the Communist army remains isolated. Half a dozen trucks of medical supplies are the most that have reached these areas during the past two years, and only a tiny proportion of the large sums of money subscribed for the relief of China goes to the guerilla armies in the North-West, although these men and women have sustained almost a third of the casualties.

One factor at least is permanent in the midst of the social upheaval of war. Chinese nationalism will become an increasing force in the world, though the direction in which it will grow is not determined. There is the feeling, if not yet the conviction, that the war has ended once and for all the semi-colonial role which had been thrust on China by Western capitalism in the nineteenth century. Anglo-American concessions, carrying with them the reality of economic exploitation and political control from abroad, are now presumed to be past history, and China to-day is at least nominally acknowledged as a free and equal ally in a world partnership. China has permanently left her backwater. Nor can there be any doubt that the industrial revolution, long prophesied in China, has begun seriously to develop. The war has accelerated industrial development and ended the excessive concentration of industry along the coast and the Yangtse valley. Students recognise this and crowd to technical colleges, while their government facilitates their training in the engineering industries in this country and the United States. The Chinese cabinet recognises this development and calls on government departments to draw blueprints for the future.

But how far is it possible for China to work out her own salvation without accepting conditions dangerous to her new independence? Wall Street and the City of London see their opportunity and are arranging for vast loans to stabilise Chinese currency. Such loans are intended to guarantee the position of the West in China; and it is certain that China will want foreign capital. But the old terms of investment will not be permitted to the foreign capitalist. The Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang a month ago passed a resolution relaxing restrictions which applied to joint Sino-foreign enterprise and declaring that "negotiations for foreign loans for State enterprise shall be centralised. Individuals may negotiate foreign loans on behalf of their private undertakings, and such loans and agreements shall become effective following the approval of the government. The government shall determine at a later date which categories of State enterprise may accept foreign investment and which categories may seek foreign loans." This resolution seems to mean that China admits the need of foreign capital, but that the Government of China intends to control its own industrial development. It is quite unlikely to agree to the onerous interest of which some City magnates are still dreaming. On this point we recall the recent warning of T. V. Soong, China's Foreign Minister and most able financier. He warned Britain and America that China would increase her industry and maintain her independence; if she could have the necessary help from the West on acceptable terms she would welcome it; if not, China could still develop her independent nationalism by the "hard way" trodden by the Soviet Union.

Against this picture of internal China we must recall that the period when Japanese and German successes in some quarters almost produced a feeling of defeatism has gone; there is certainty that, whatever the future of China may be, she will eventually be free from Japan. Allied victory is assumed, and successes in the Mediterranean give hope to the Chinese that forces will soon be released for greater activity in Asia. American airmen are arriving in China in larger numbers, and the number of planes flying between India and China has increased. The appointment of Lord Louis Mountbatten, now on his way to the East, is universally welcomed as a proof that the period of waiting for Allied action in Asia is coming to an end.

It was in these confused, gloomy, and yet hopeful circumstances that the recent meetings of the Kuomintang and People's Political Council were held. The delegates, most of them nominated rather than elected, asked themselves what the victory for the Allied Nations would mean for China. What of the very real forces of democracy that for the first time in her long history broke through to the surface of Chinese life? What, for instance, of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, which many observers have regarded as the most hopeful development in the entire Chinese scene? Will these tendencies grow or will reaction come with victory? The resolutions passed by the Kuomintang show that the authorities at least realise the necessity of recognising the existence of this new democracy. The Kuomintang manifesto called on the Chinese people to increase their resistance, to promote democracy, to fulfil the Chinese Revolution's original mission of national reconstruction, and to realise an industrial programme on the lines laid down by Sun Yat-sen. An important resolution envisaged the end of the Chinese present system of a one-party government and determined that a national congress to adopt a new constitution should be convened within a year of the end of the war. At present delegates are in general to retain their status, but electoral areas which have not yet chosen their delegates are to have an opportunity as soon as the fighting ceases. The statement undoubtedly reflects internal pressure and a desire to impress the outside world. Internally, it should encourage progressive people whose voices have been silent; externally, it is a challenge to democratic countries to renew their help by deeper understanding and co-operation.

A LONDON DIARY

GOEBBELS has made another back-to-wall speech. The emphasis he laid on the contrast between Italy and Germany in which any would-be Badoglio would at once lose his head suggests that potential German Badoglios are more common and more dangerous to the Nazis than any of us dared to hope. Another remarkable factor is that Goebbels made a long speech without saying anything about the Jews. This time the Nazis will not be able to persuade anyone that the defeat of the Germans was due to a Jewish stab in the back.

* * *

In a recent debate on the war (September 22nd) Mr. Pickthorn, M.P. for Cambridge University, said :

> Hon. Members who are old enough to remember and young enough not to have forgotten the last war may remember that it was in the first months of the war and it was from the Left, from the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle* and the NEW STATESMAN that these inventions were made of "Hang the Kaiser", "Germany must be made to pay heavily", and "The war to end war". [Hon. Members: "No"] I have the dates and the whole thing docketed. There is not the least doubt that those slogans were invented at the beginning of the last war from the Left.

This singularly categorical statement puzzled me a good deal. Members of Parliament speak under conditions of special privilege ; they are also assumed to speak with special responsibility. Mr. Pickthorn did not make this statement in the heat of the moment before a noisy audience. Challenged by Members, he declared, with the authority of an historian and a University Member, that he had "the whole thing docketed." I wrote to Mr. Pickthorn to ask for the reference in the NEW STATESMAN. His reply is printed in our correspondenee columns this week. He seems to admit that his statement was incorrect and regrets it.

* * *

Talking of hanging the Kaiser reminds me that the belief in monarchy as a safeguard against Continental revolution even in countries where the people have the best of reasons for dispensing with it is not a new idea that springs new from the brain of Winston Churchill. The Prime Minister can find precedents in Metternich and President Wilson. A correspondent reminds me of evidence that the official histories of the last war ignore, but which emerges clearly enough from private papers subsequently published. During the preliminary Armistice discussions Erzberger reported to his German colleagues that "Even the English are afraid that the result of the Kaiser's abdication would be Bolshevism in Germany" (Oct. 31st, *Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden*, Vol. II, p. 245.) Actually the Allies' policy went much further than mere apprehension. They hoped to be able to keep the Kaiser on his throne. For example, a member of Woodrow Wilson's personal Cabinet noted in his diary on October 23rd, that the President "said he was afraid of Bolshevism in Europe, and *the Kaiser was needed to keep it down*—to keep some order" (*Letters of Franklin K. Lane*, p. 295). "Keep the Kaiser on his throne" became "Hang the Kaiser" for electoral reasons.

American statesmen were thinking along these lines as early as 1917. On May 20th Col. House wrote to Wilson : "I think that care should be used not to include the Kaiser on an indictment of German militarism that Wilson was preparing. The situation in Russia will accentuate the feeling that it is better not to make too violent a change from an autocracy to a republic." (House Papers. Vol. III, p. 60.) The French expressed exactly the same point of view. After an official interview with M. Jules Cambon on April 6th, 1917, Prince Sixte of Bourbon noted that the French statesman "agreed that however much we might like to see the Hohenzollerns discredited, any attempt to set up a Republican Germany would be fraught with grave risk to the Entente." (*Austria's Peace Offer*, p. 94.)

Every single Allied interest—military, moral, and political, both long and short-term—demanded the quickest possible overthrow of the Hohenzollerns. This was the policy to which the Allies were pledged and for which the soldiers thought they were fighting. Fear of revolution over-rode all other considerations.

With this story in mind no one should be surprised that Victor Emmanuel appeals to our present leaders as a good bet. In 1918 the speed and sweep of the German revolution outpaced this particular set of reactionary plans. So far the development of the Italian democratic movement is nothing like so rapid ; and the danger of repression and reaction is so much the greater.

* * *

I gather from various reports that the case of Mr. Constantine, who was refused accommodation at the Imperial Hotel, is not an isolated example of race discrimination. I see that Tom Driberg has a question down on the general issue when the House meets again ; he is to ask the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food if he will consider withdrawing their catering licence from any hotel or restaurant which attempts to impose a colour bar on its customers.

* * *

One of the comic incidents related about the red scare at the end of the last war when the present Archbishop of Canterbury (so the story runs) was actually interviewed by a detective who wanted to know about his connection with a subversive organisation, apparently just discovered by Scotland Yard. This subversive body was the Workers' Educational Association. I recalled this incident when the W.E.A. held its annual Conference at Toynbee Hall last week. Model of respectability always, this year the W.E.A. was able to quote the recent White Paper on educational reconstruction which paid a tiny tribute to its "substantial contribution" to the adult education of the country. R. H. Tawnay in a Presidential address, which should be published in full, surveyed the whole field of adult education and outlined the part it should play in a reconstructed British education system. No doubt it is something that in the course of twenty-five years the authorities should have ceased to think it subversive for workers to meet with tutors to discuss and learn about social, economic and literary questions that were once left to their betters. It is something that a Conference as lively as this—for the Conference was splendidly awake—should be there to welcome any chance of helping to extend the scope of adult education. But does the Government mean to give it the chance? The financial memorandum at the end of the White Paper suggests that so far the Treasury view is that Butler shall be shelved along with Barlow, Scott, Uthwatt, Bill Beveridge and all.

* * *

Some day perhaps an historian will fill what has long been a gap in the literature of our Labour movement by writing a history of the part that bookshops and booksellers have played in its development. It is a far cry from the days of Richard Carlile and Hetherington to the present when you may buy your Marx with no more inconvenience than your Shakespeare. But to-day we seem to lack that atmosphere of tense and vital discussion that one associates with those old bookshops and coffee-houses that were, in fact, the working man's only library. Perhaps the Socialist Book Centre, which Arthur Ballard has just opened at Essex St., Strand, will be at least a step toward that ideal bookshop which is a club where one can stop for a while and chat with friends, as well as find that old book or that unusual pamphlet so long pursued. Mr. Ballard's well-wishers evidently feel the same way. Amongst others, he has received encouraging letters from Sidney Webb, Sean O'Casey, Sybil Thorndike, H. G. Wells and the Coles. What particularly impressed me was the non-sectarian character of the large stock that he has already collected. Whether you are a party man or a sceptical individualist, you should find that somewhere here there is something written by somebody who agrees with you. And that, after all, is both pleasant and useful.

* * *

An allied soldier now stationed in this country, sauntered into the West London Synagogue for the New Year Holyday Services, and asked, "What sort of a show have you here? Is it good?"

"It should be," replied a steward. "It's been running for nearly six thousand years!"

CRITIC

BLOW, BEVERIDGE, BLOW

THE Beveridge call disturbs Whitehall
Where shelter giants old and hoary,
The treasury quakes, the challenge shakes
The vested interests of the Tory.
Blow, Beveridge, blow, send the wicked giants flying,
Blow, Beveridge, ; keep on Labour, trying, trying trying, trying.

Oh hark, O hear ! how loud and clear,
And ever louder clearer growing !
From near and far where giants are,
The brassy trumps of Blimpland blowing !
Blow, let us hear Left Ministers replying :
Blow, Beveridge ; Labour answers, dying, dying, dying.

The Government with half assent
Approves the Beveridge endeavour ;
But Tories can the Beveridge plan
Postpone for ever and for ever.
Blow, Beveridge, blow, send the wicked giants flying.
And answer, Tories, answer, lying, lying, lying.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to H. Young.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"Discipline. N.C.O.s and men must at all times recognise the King's commission. In future all ranks entering the C.O.'s office will, in his absence, salute his desk.

"Failure to obey the above instructions will entail severe reprimand."—Notice quoted in *Daily Herald*.

Many people, again, feel that it was a mistake to build railways in Argentina instead of houses in Britain. To this the answer is that we could easily have done both but for unemployment.—*Observer* (Financial article).

At a meeting of the North Wales Temperance Union, held at Dolgelley, Dr. G. ap Vychan Jones, Portdinorwic, remarked ; "I am told that the monkey is the only animal that is really fond of beer. The fact that beer drinking is so prevalent amongst our young people to-day is an omen that we are travelling back the long, long trail to the jungle. What can present-day civilisation do to avoid this calamity?"—*Holyhead Chronicle*.

Mr. Churchill says : "We shall be envied by future generations our privilege of living in such stirring times." If his message had been addressed solely to chiropodists, it would have been equally true.—*Journal of the Chelsea Chiropodists' Association*.

A Bath Civil Servant, Mr. Leslie Ransom, of Russell Street, while at work yawned and dislocated his jaw. He had to be taken by taxi to a Bath hospital.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

THE STRIKES

THE first thing to notice about the strikes which are just now receiving much attention in the press is that they are most of them very small affairs. The amount of working time that has been lost by strike action during the present war has been quite astonishingly small—very much smaller, for example, than during the last war. There has been no dispute of more than local importance; and the number even of local stoppages has been remarkably low. That there has been an increase during the past month is true; but even so, measured in loss of working hours against the numbers employed in the war trades, the strikes are on a very small scale. Of the recent stoppages, that of the munition workers at Barrow was the most important in itself: the others have been mainly in the coalfields.

Why has there been an increase in strikes just now? There is always a tendency to attribute such things to "agitators"; and on this occasion there have been references to "political interference" and to the machinations of "Trotskyites." We are by no means sure what "Trotskyites" are, except that they are persons who are at loggerheads with both the Labour Party and the Communist Party, so that both can unite to abuse them. Some small disruptive groups of course exist, but we doubt if Mr. Bevin will seriously contend that "Trotskyism" has been a major factor—unless the word is to be understood merely as a term of abuse. We are unable to discover any significant trace of interference by "political agitators." Certainly the Communists, whom many people would like to blame if they could find half a chance, are more than innocent: they have been doing all they can to induce the strikers to return to work. It is treason in Communist eyes to strike while the Soviet Union is in danger; and not even the habitual enemies of the Trade Unions are louder in denunciation. This talk about "agitators" is misleading. The strikes have happened because a certain number of ordinary workmen—not a large number, but enough to matter—have felt exasperated enough to down tools in spite of their will to help in winning the war.

What, then, exasperated them? Most of all, working on without any proper holidays, under bad and difficult working conditions, often with much overtime and no adequate week-end rest, and facing the prospect, tired as they are, of another blacked-out winter, and, perhaps, a still more intensive effort. Consider how many thousands of men there are who would give a great deal for an honest week's holiday, spent in the feeling that they had a right to it, and were not letting anybody down. Consider how few of these many thousands have taken the only road open to them of getting a holiday—by downing tools. Consider how easy it must be, when you have a real grievance, as these strikers think they have, to persuade yourself that you have a right to give yourself a hard-earned break. Consider these things; and then be surprised, not at the few who strike, but at the many who, having similar grievances, do not. It was a mistake on the Government's part not to make better provision for holiday-making this summer. They would have got their reward, not merely in fewer strikes, but in higher output all round.

Tiredness, and the sense of exasperation that so easily goes with it, are, we believe, the main explanation of the strikes. The changes announced when Major Lloyd George went to the Ministry of Fuel and Power simply have not happened—at all events in such a way that the ordinary miner can see their effects. To him it appears that his industry is being run—and run amiss—just as it was run before the Government announced that it was taking a tighter hold over it. The owners are still there, and the managements of the various pits still appear to be working for the owners just as before. The industry is still losing skilled men by death or retirement, and finding their places impossible to fill. The younger men ("boys" in the nomenclature of the industry) who are tied to the pits are getting wages very much lower than the young men who have managed to get away into other essential trades are able easily to earn; and a tribunal has just refused redress on the ground that it had no mandate to report or revise the established wage-structure of coal-mining — a structure which is obsolete and thoroughly inappropriate to-day. The miners, with all this in their minds, are being constantly nagged at about absenteeism, by a public which does not know that the average miner is called upon to work more shifts than he is used to, and that a higher rate of absenteeism may therefore co-exist with longer hours actually worked. To say this is not to deny that irresponsible absenteeism exists among a relatively small minority; but that does not make the main body reconciled to being nagged at because of other people's sins. Add to all this that the mining industry has a thoroughly bad tradition of labour relations and has been through an appalling twenty years of chaos and depression. What do you expect? Is this outcrop of mining stoppages at all surprising in the light of all these facts?

The strike at Barrow stands on rather a different footing. It was a strike of craftsmen, on a craft grievance, with the boilermakers taking the lead, and the engineers much less in the forefront. Now the boilermakers are a notoriously unpolitical group; and the only political figure of note they have thrown up is Mr. Harry Pollitt, who as a Communist is all against strikes in these days. The storm-centre at Barrow was in the shipyard, not in the engineering shops; and the shipyard workers, like the miners, have borne a good deal more than their fair share of the stress of warwork and have also had to deal with an exceptionally tough bunch of employers. The Barrow strike readily explains itself in these terms: it calls for no far-fetched allegations about subversive organisations.

To this must be added that there is much in the Government's attitude that by discouraging the workers certainly weakens their resistance to the impulse to strike against a particular grievance. There *is* widespread dissatisfaction over the Government's ambiguous reaction to the Beveridge Report, over its failure to make any clear declaration about post-war policy, and over its discouraging attitude towards the democratic forces in France, in Italy, and in Europe generally. There *is* a strong and growing feeling that the Government means, under the pretext of setting aside controversial issues, to manœuvre for a return to pre-war capitalism—a social order with which the working classes had assuredly no reason to be well content. The growing sense of disillusionment may be, *as yet*, no more than a minor factor in industrial unrest. It could easily become a major factor; and the Government had better take warning in time.

There is another factor, about which Mr. Bevin in particular needs warning to take care. He and others have developed a habit of talking about trade unions and trade union "discipline" in a manner that is calculated to provoke resentment—and does provoke it to a growing extent. They talk about trade unions, not as if they were free, spontaneous associations of the men and women in industry, but rather as if they were compulsory organs for keeping the working classes in order. No doubt Mr. Bevin is quite unconscious of doing this, and would justify his remarks as simply the expression of the democratic principle that the will of the majority, as reflected in the decisions of its elected leaders, must prevail. But when he and others talk about the fundamental necessity of preserving trade union discipline in the interests of orderly collective bargaining, a good many workers are apt to get the impression that he is speaking more in the tone of a master demanding to be obeyed than of a leader mandated to carry out the will of his members. This is largely the consequence of trade union centralisation, forced on the unions by capitalist concentration and the necessity of striking nation-wide bargains. The effect of this method of bargaining is to lessen very much the power of the local or district trade union groups, and to make the ordinary trade unionist regard his union much more as a remote external power than he used to do.

To sum up—there is no call to get alarmed or angry about the strikes; and it is an utter mistake to attempt to stop them merely by threats or prosecution or allegations of "Trotskyite" machination. The remedy is to look into the grievances, and also to do what can be done to lighten the extremely exacting tasks which miners, shipbuilders, transport workers, and indeed many thousands throughout the war trades are doing their exasperated best to perform. And, finally, not to forget to lift up hand and voice in thankfulness and gratitude that strikes are few, because the working-class will to destroy Fascism is fine and strong, and that nothing will do more to restore flagging spirits than proof by the Government that there will *not* be a return to mass-unemployment, and that there will be positive social security, after the victory.

ON A JEWISH SOLDIER'S LETTER

I HAVE seen to-day the letter of a Jewish soldier, stationed by the Suez Canal. He had just seen the arrival of a group of Jewish refugees on their way to Palestine; most of them were orphans between the ages of four and twelve. All of them had that emaciation which produces even in the youngest children that look of wizened old age which comes to those who, ill-clad and underfed for years, have the experience of unutterable sorrow in their eyes. None of them had the spirit even to cry. None of them knew any longer that things like love and friendship still existed in the world. All of them stood on the side of the quay as though they were automata who responded only to the mechanism of order. They had been driven from France and Germany to Poland, and then on, in four years of ceaseless wandering through Russia to the Persian Gulf. What struck the soldier most about them was their tragic silence. Children love to play and chatter. Endless movement and energy, the restless passion for change, these are the things about which the psychologist and the teacher write in their books on children. But these little refugees never moved; they were afraid to be seen, afraid that if they spoke they would be noticed, and that if they were noticed they would die.

The soldier had seen poverty and suffering; as a boy he had grown up, with his parents in the sweat-shops of Lodz, and he had seen one of those pogroms which, before the war, made members of the House of Commons, even when they read of them, call meetings of protest and go on indignant deputations to the Foreign Secretary. I can myself remember, as a child, the fierce anger of the Prime Minister when he spoke at a meeting in Manchester, almost forty years ago, against these cruelties. But the soldier said that he had never seen before any agony of this kind. It was as though the stillness of these children was louder even than the shrieking of the ship's siren, or the roar of aeroplanes as they passed by. On their faces was written all the tragedy of all Jewry, of boys and girls who had seen the kind of thing which belongs not to civilisation but to the tiger in the jungle when it flings itself upon its prey.

There were children of seven and nine who had not only been compelled to watch their parents buried alive; but remembered what they had seen. There were others who had seen a whole community of Jews driven to the edge of a common grave into which they fell as they were machine-gunned. There were children who did not know what it meant to be spoken to softly, to be smiled at, who shrank away in fear when any of the troops offered them a piece of chocolate, who could not be made to understand that some little toy, a flag or a doll, was for them. There were others to whom the spoken word brought at once a look of terror; for over four years the spoken word had meant insult or cruelty or sometimes death. And it was upon this knowledge that the soldiers had to build when they tried to make them understand that they were

on their way to a land where cruelty was forbidden and torture sternly punished, that these children who had awaited death in a hundred of its most barbarous forms were now to pass through the gate which led to life and freedom.

I do not think that any Jew would ask exceptional treatment for his people. The soldier whose letter I have quoted speaks there of justice for Czech and Pole and Frenchman; he even adds a sentence to emphasise awareness on his part that there are countless Germans to whom this massive and organised barbarism is a source of endless shame. But he asks not, I think, without some justice, why the British and American Governments should look so coolly on the work of rescuing Jews. He speaks of the stern protest which Mr. Churchill, among other British statesmen, signed just before the outbreak of war against the policy of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald in Palestine. He points out that, in its essence, that policy determines the action of the Colonial Office and the High Commissioner in Palestine to-day. He notes the amplitude of verbal sympathy. But he remarks that behind the drive of Arab antagonism to the use of Palestine as a large-scale refuge, there will be found the voice of British advisers, whether the utterance comes from Ibn Saud, from Iraq, or from Egypt. He notes with interest that the policy of His Majesty's Government is always said to be built upon the counsel of their expert advisers in the Middle East; and that, in general, these expert advisers are the very men who urge upon the Arabs that danger which the Jews are supposed to represent, in the light of which the British War Cabinet sets the frame of its policy.

The soldier sees no shame in being a Jew. He is convinced that what he and his fellow-members on their collective farms have done in Palestine is not only better worth doing than what he and his father did in the sweat-shops at Lodz, but that it represents a social experiment of real value to the world. He has done no harm to the Arabs in Palestine, unless it be argued that it is harmful to make the Arab peasant more conscious of new horizons, and less able to see why the effendi who live in luxury on his earnings in Cairo and Alexandria and the South of France should have that privilege without the need to labour for its possession. In the last war his father fought in the Jewish army under a Jewish flag; and no memory is more precious to him than a scrap of paper on which T. E. Lawrence had scrawled "Well done!" for some scouting exploit in the desert. He would have liked, as his father did, to go into battle for freedom under the Jewish flag; and he has never fully grasped why a Government over which Mr. Churchill presides should think that appeasement of the Arabs is any more likely to be successful than Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement of Hitler or of Mussolini.

He sees no shame in being a Jew, though he is acutely aware that the temper of the British administration in Palestine is, generally, that a Jew, as such, almost owes an apology to the Government there for all the trouble he has caused. He feels a keen admiration for the history of his nation; to have survived catastrophe and tragedy of the order that it has experienced seems to him to justify one further effort to survive. And having seen the first children of exile from Nazi persecution become transformed in Palestine from tragic automata into human beings who learn, within a year, how to laugh and play, who lose the sense of fear and no longer carry in their eyes what seems like the sorrow of all the ages, he believes with passion that Fate has destined Palestine not to rescue a few here and there, but the hundreds of thousands of orphans whom kindness might similarly transform. And, above all, as he writes with firmness, there is no people nor Government in the world who, when the war is over, will feel the urgency of lifting the shadows of this terror from the memory of the Jews except the Jews themselves. He cannot forget those grim years from 1933 to 1939 when Hitler in Germany, the Governments of Poland and Hungary and Rumania, competed with one another to take from the Jew such brief moments of happiness as his life in Central and Eastern Europe made possible. He must fight for his rights as a human being; no one else is likely to fight for them if he is servile and indifferent. Nor can he forget that in fighting for his rights he is a soldier in that battle of freedom which will continue all our lives. For if he is denied his rights, he and those tragic children whom he saw, all over the world it will be easier for the powerful to oppress the humble, the rich to oppress the poor. "It is the first condition of freedom," he writes to me, "that one should will not to be a slave." I hope it is a will that grows strong in every Jew as the end of the war approaches. For they cannot act more wisely than to realise that, if their sufferings are an asset to the United Nations while the battle rages, they will be the first thing Governments are anxious to forget as victory dawns. That, indeed, as my soldier writes from Suez, is the path to triumph that Hitler may tread in the very hour when the blackout seems to announce, as it is lifted, the finality of his overthrow.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG

No one envies the retail shopkeeper at the moment; and if he remains reasonably amiable and obliging in the midst of his forms, returns, coupons and scissors, he is building up a lawfully-acquired goodwill which must stand him in good stead after the war. But it would be idle to pretend that there is much of this amiability left, and the shopkeeper has the double advantage over the shopper that he can ventilate his grievances through representative trade associations, and at the same time take it out of the customer. The time has come for the customer to be always wrong.

Except for a few strenuous individualists, the shopper is inarticulate. As he queues and hangs about and jockeys for position and at last mumbles his deprecating plea for a pound of sausage-meat, he presents the sharpened tongue of the shop-assistant with a sitting target; his humility has become a sight from which to avert the eye. It may be that, as he licks his shopping wounds in silence, he promises himself a righteous vengeance when the wheel has turned full circle and, with a planless economy in full swing again, the shopkeeper is fawning upon him in a competitive world. At the least he will know, then, that the tactful, obsequious friendliness of shopmen is like any other goods or services—it obeys apparent laws of supply and demand, it blossoms when there are more things than people can buy and withers when there are less; he will re-assert his ascendancy and the man across the counter shall be made to realise his true place.

Such is the burden of most conversations of the moment about shopping. It seems wrong that, in a nation so nearly persuaded by its leaders of its unanimous dedication to high purpose, there should be any appearance that two great masses of the people are ranged in fierce antagonism on opposite sides of a huge, symbolical counter. But though the schism is a product of scarcity and rationing and therefore of a planned economy, only a glut of supplies can modify the present positions of the adversaries; it can't be done by legislation.

It has been tried. Before the war, despite a widespread belief to the contrary, no one had any legal right to insist on being served in a shop with anything, at any time. The shopkeeper could open his shop or go to the Derby or shut down for a private "wakes," as he chose. If you fancied an article in a shop window priced at five shillings and then learned that the label was intended to say five pounds, you sometimes insisted that the price to you must be five shillings, that the law was on your side and that you would go to the Police or your solicitor. If you did you were told (by the Police for nothing and by the solicitor for a guinea) that nothing could compel the shopkeeper to sell you anything, whatever label he had on it. It was the same in the case of public houses—the licensee could refuse to serve you with a drink, a meal, or an arrowroot biscuit, he could even shut his pub for a week, a month, or a year if he chose—and if he did not worry about the difficulty of persuading the Licensing Justices in due course that it was in the public interest to renew his licence. ("In such a place no one has a right to insist on being served any more than in any other shop"—Chief Baron Kelly in *R.* v. *Rymer* (1877) 2 Q.B.D. 140.) So clear was this principle that if, in face of a steadfast refusal to sell, you put down the proper price (or a hundred times the proper price), snatched the article and ran away, you might be held guilty of stealing it. But, of course, in times of peace and "plenty" few shopkeepers turned you away if you wanted to buy: they fell over themselves to catch you. Now that you have been rationed out among them with books of "personal points" and tokens for meat, milk, sugar and the rest, you do not have to be caught; but the legislators have recorded, in the Goods and Services (Price Control) Act, 1941, their desire that the tradesman's new dictatorship shall be, voluntarily or otherwise, benevolent. It is little more than the expression of a desire, because, to protect the reasonable tradesman, the provision nullifies itself with a wide-open 'escape clause." It is in section 9 of the Act, and it says that a person who is carrying on "a business in the course of which price-controlled goods of any description are normally sold," and who has goods of that kind in stock, must not refuse to sell those goods (or deny that he has any) when asked by a buyer, and must not offer to sell them subject to a condition about buying other goods at the same time or paying for some additional service. This would have put a weapon into the hands of the shopper, who, with the assistance of one or two witnesses and a letter to the local Price Regulation Committee (ring up the Police for the address) could have found solace in a course of action concealing the sweetness of revenge beneath a cloak of public-spiritedness and legal rectitude. It was too simple. "It shall be a defence for a person charged with any such offence," says the latter half of the section, "to prove that the sale of the goods, or the sale thereof without the fulfilment of a condition . . . would, having regard to the quantity of goods which he was requested to sell, or any other consideration, (*a*) be contrary to the normal practice of his business, (*b*) involve a breach of some obligation lawfully binding on him, or (*c*) interfere with arrangements made by him for an orderly disposal of his stocks amongst his regular customers."

It is important, of course, that in this case the legal principle of "innocence until guilt is proved" is for once standing on its head: you have only to allege (with reasonable credibility) the commission of the offence to throw upon the shopkeeper the onus of proving an excuse under (*a*), (*b*) or (*c*). The scope of (*a*) is perhaps vague, since it may refer either to some practice of the trade generally or to the particular shopkeeper's policy of not serving Jews, Gentiles, flat-earthers, or sufferers from adenoids; he would probably need to convince most magistrates that his refusal to sell was "normal" in the medical sense as well as the commercial. The purpose of (*b*) is probably to prevent breaches of contract. But it is (*c*) which makes any prosecution of this kind practically futile; the need to put regular customers first commands universal assent among regular customers, and as the Justices are no longer itinerant they probably feel this way too. "Proving" an excuse of this kind means setting up a reasonable probability, not producing a list of regular customers and their demands together with the figures of a special stocktaking. As a prosecution can only be instituted by the Board of Trade or the Director of Public Prosecutions, upon a request made to them by the Central Price Regulation Committee, there is a further hurdle in the shape of the well-known reluctance of Government Departments to risk being ordered to pay defendants' costs in the event of failure.

So the customer, in time of peace diplomatically right though often legally wrong, is now wrong nearly all the time. The utmost he can do, if he will make a last effort before he subsides into the wretched apathy which befits the wartime shopper, is to invoke his remaining rights of free speech and lift the roof of a selected shop with a full-throated denunciation of its keeper. He can use any expletives without fear of the Police, for their favourite charge of "using insulting words and behaviour" is concerned only with the prevention of unseemly language or conduct in the street; but as he will have become a trespasser from the moment when the shopkeeper finds his presence irksome, he should get out before they come if he would avoid being "assisted" out.

C. H. ROLPH

ACTOR AND CRITIC

THE three advocates for the stage who have presented the case for the reform of dramatic criticism appear to rely on three points: the actors are doing their best, the playwrights are doing their best, the livelihood of actor, playwright and backer is involved. The suggestion is that unfeeling criticism or irresponsible criticism is burking an infant "new" or "real" theatre which would, if given the chance, support a regenerated drama. To a theatre-goer, if that thing is allowed to put its two cents' worth into the discussion, the situation appears quite otherwise.

The main impediment to the regeneration of the drama appears to be the belief of actors that they are vastly more interesting than the plays they act. Since the days of Garrick a tradition has grown up of the actor as a personality, and many of the leaders in the profession consider a play as an opportunity for self-display. Not one actor in a hundred asks himself at the close of a performance if every member of the audience had a chance to appreciate the meaning of every line the author gave him, the ninety-nine ask themselves what effect they had on the audience, and if they made the most of their big moment in act two. The theatre-goer who lays down his money to buy a performance of Othello does not, as a rule, see a party of people working hard to give every word of the text its full value as sound and meaning. What he most commonly sees is a cast selected as a background for Mr. Blank's Othello being careful not to intrude upon Mr. Blank's big moments. Mr. Blank had been brought up in the personality bow-wow tradition of acting, and he believes that in making a sustained effort to hold the centre of the stage and the undivided attention of the audience he is giving his utmost to the part. In any play worth twopence there is bound to be a division of interest among a set of equally interesting characters who are individually interesting in their relation to each other. Any attempt to secure the attention of the audience for one character rather than another throws the thing out of balance and may make nonsense of the text. The general run of actors do not care, it is not their custom to read texts to see if they make nonsense or not. They read them under the spell of Mr. Blank to see how many chances they have of playing his games. When an actor masters the bag of tricks of the personality bow-wow school he can run through a part in a shorthand of emotion and feeling in a way that obviates the necessity of his studying the meaning of the words he has to speak. A play performed by such actors is as boring as are the performances of those brilliant child calculators who can solve mathematical problems without any knowledge of mathematical method or the significance of their calculations. The effect of such performance on a play dealing with ideas is repulsive, and the result is a horrid failure. Mr. Priestley derides the critical habit of saying that a play about ideas is "not really a play at all," the critic's fault in this lies in accepting the actor's dogma that such plays are "not theatre"—a dogma resting on the truth that as actors almost always botch the performance of a play of this sort it usually fails. The players have a vested interest in a theatre dominated by plays hung on fat parts for stars; wittingly or not, they do all they can to prevent the development of any other kind of theatre.

In his account of the relations of critic and playwright Mr. Priestley describes the reception of a play written by a writer who was "not fully acquainted with all the demands and devices of the stage." The suggestion was that the critics should have extolled the virtue of the piece and gently pointed to its faults. A gentleman who wished to be a surgeon would not have his faults pointed out gently if he began to operate on fee-paying patients before he learnt anatomy. A West End audience numbers several hundred people who have paid fees of from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* to get into the theatre and travelled to get there: the least the dramatist can do is to learn his job before claiming an audience. The trouble with most experimental drama is that it is ill-written or ill-constructed drama by people who are in such a hurry to express their ideas that they will not take time to learn to be playwrights. The success of Mr. George Bernard Shaw is in large measure due to the fact that he knew stage mechanics and the vices of actors so well that he could manhandle his idea through to the audience over the heads of the producer and the actors. One of the outstanding examples of success with a first play in recent years was that of Ronald Mackenzie with *Musical Chairs*. This was not gained by reading and admiring Chehov so much as by being an assistant stage manager in a London theatre and learning stage mechanics (without being a dignified literary gentleman about it, either, I remember his silent appearance as office boy to the stewards of the Jockey Club in an Edgar Wallace thriller). The prices playgoers are asked to pay entitle them to demand technical competence; the critics should warn them that they will not get it if it is absent; if it is absent the writer has only himself to blame. The sensitivity of playwrights, like the widowhood of owners of slum property, is no good ground for special treatment. Mr. Priestley suggests that the critics would have done well to reserve the abuse they lavished on the incompetent play for "richly rewarded dramatic hacks." These people are richly rewarded for the simple reason that they know every stage trick and dodge backwards and can turn out plays which appeal as much to their audiences as to the actors who play them. The dramatic hacks are consistently abused by the critics for their lack of ideas; the continued success of their plays in spite of that would indicate that critics are not such a fatal body as they are said to be.

There is the other point, that critics write without a sense of the English theatre as such. The comparison with America brings the thing home where it lies. The theatre in America is part of the national life because it is equally alive in Boston, Pittsburg, St. Paul and New Orleans, and is not a thing of New York. American actors do not venture with regret and horror into the provinces as if they were leaving the world of the living, the American provincial theatre is alive. In England the provincial theatre and the provincial audience are as dead as mutton; they died of second-rate touring companies with principals recruited by insolvency, hunger, drunkenness and old age. (I remember sitting in an ill-heated theatre in a small provincial town watching an *ingénue* part played by a lady so advanced in age that she was using an elastic chin strap to prevent her jaw from dropping.) From about 1900 until a few years ago nothing would induce an actor with the slightest chance of making a London success to set foot in the provinces, with the result that the London theatre supplanted the national theatre. London is as cosmopolitan as most capital cities, and its theatre has therefore become international, while the terms of reference of its reputable critics are to the whole body of western culture from which the European drama draws its character and material. This widens the gulf between the provinces and London, and means that the standards of the critics are insufferably high by folksy local standards; but although a return to the smaller field might make everything more cosy, it would entail intellectual sacrifices that hardly seem justified.

ANTHONY WEST

POSTERS

NO spot in London can be much gayer than the inner room at the Leicester Galleries where is displayed in part a collection of posters of the great age i.e., 1885-1900: indeed, one could wish that the directors had been able to dispose of their outer room as well as to show a number of delightful things which at present lie hid, though not inaccessible to importunate amateurs. The closing decade of the nineteenth century was not only the great age of the Poster; it was the first and the last. For, soon after 1900, the art of the hoardings sank to depths below the lowest at which one should dream of using that misused word; and not until, in 'the thirties', a by no means unsuccessful attempt at revival was made in England by our best painters encouraged by Shell-Mex, the Underground and for a dizzy moment by the Post Office even, was it possible again to speak of "poster-art." And even then, good as were some of the results, remarkable as was much of the work done by Kauffer, nothing produced was a match for what we now see at the Leicester Galleries. The fact is that whereas the French masters seemed to conceive a poster as a work of art, the English painters could rarely do more than conceive a picture and turn it into a poster. There were exceptions.

Lautrec, doubtless, is the master. A work such as *Jane Avril*, probably the best thing in the show, re-creates the subtleties of pictorial art in terms of publicity. It is exquisite, yet it is striking: here is the perfect poster. By comparison Chéret may seem commercial; and so he is in a sense. But consider the amazing yet just distortions and simplifications by means of which he converts his obvious themes into vehicles of the very spirit of gaiety, and compare them with those tricks of the trade by which our brewers commend their commodities. How miraculously—miraculously is the word—does the young Bonnard succeed in making of his delicate art something telling and effective. He and Lautrec reveal themselves unmistakably as great artists; whereas Chéret and Willette are not great. Willette is the fourth of the tetrarchy, but here he is not seen quite at his best: Anquetin, on the other hand, is.

It is noteworthy that the illustrators proper seem never to have mastered completely the art of the hoarding. Forain comes near success; but his *Arts de la Femme* suggests a little too much an enlarged drawing from *Le Rire*. Gerbaut and Métivet, good illustrators both, are all at sea in this strange art. But there is Steinlen; and Steinlen was as much an illustrator as a poster-maker. In 1900, and for a few years into the new century, the reputation of Steinlen stood as high almost as that of Lautrec: during the last five-and-twenty his name has been pronounced rarely; and then contemptuously as a rule, in cafés, galleries and *salons*. This has been attributed to political prejudice: Steinlen was a Dreyfusard and a Socialist. Certainly he went out of fashion along with Charles-Louis Philippe and the rest of the sentimental, humanitarian school; and, frankly, when he turns on the pathetic stop and loads every rift with sob-stuff he does lose his grip on form and becomes sometimes disgusting. But when he can forget all about propaganda and the hard lot of the poor what a fine artist he can be. Go to the Leicester Galleries and see for yourself. No one who cares for beauty, wit, gaiety or France will regret the half-hour spent there. Only let me once again urge you to persuade the directors to show their hidden treasure—especially the Chérets.

CLIVE BELL

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THE MOVIES

Chaplin Cavalcade, generally shown
"King's Row," at Regal and Warner's
"So Proudly We Hail!" at the Plaza

Four early Chaplins—*The Cure*, *The Immigrant*, *The Adventurer*, and *Easy Street*—knitted together with captions and a few grunts and whistles, take us back twenty-five years in the history of film-making. What else survives, except as a comic object-lesson, from those days? It was a time of blessed silence, broken only by the pianist's obbligato, of cheap interiors and rainy skies, of melodramatic postures which succeeded one another on the screen with breakneck speed. Everyone who has seen an old news-reel with its staccato movements, as though the world were a circus of performing fleas, will wonder that such a technique—or lack of it—can ever have provided the climate for anything except farce. And, in fact, it is the farce which, weathering beautifully, links those days with ours. The dress and manners of the period, the gallantry, the face-hair, the lace, provide a wonderful setting for Chaplin's impromptus. What moustaches to get entangled in the macaroni, what labyrinths of female dress down which an ice can slip! The whole scene is alive with caricature: immigrants penned and pommelled as they sail past the Statue of Liberty into New York harbour; a bohemian eating-house; escaped convicts and wardens combing a seaside; a soirée with unruly moments when the tray of drinks comes round; a hydro in which revolving doors and secret tippling seem to make their first astonished appearance before our eyes. Chaplin's antics (more ruthless and less wistful at that date) are masterly; daintiness and disorder make here an irresistible appeal. His tipsy passage up the hotel stairs and along a corridor after spinning madly in the revolving entrance satisfies the eye like a perfectly executed figure at skating; and in *Easy Street*, the most solid of these early achievements, the timing of jokes, acrobatics and dangers hair-raisingly eluded is brilliant from start to finish. I had almost forgotten Chaplin as a puppet policeman vanquishing the bully of the back streets; he is as untouchable as a cat in a neighbourhood of mastiffs; and there's a pretty fabulous touch in the final conversion of blackguards into chapel-goers. *East Street* is as funny as the day it was made, and the twenty-five years in between—which in the cinema is apt to seem as many centuries—disappears with the first laugh. Where will be Bob Hope, Mae West, and the Marx Brothers in 1968? In a back file at the Film Institute, I'm afraid.

King's Row, though not so magnificent as the *Ambersons*, has in common a pride and period, long dresses and a croaking chorus, sunlight and the deep shadows of obsession. The town is unlucky in its doctors, one of whom is a suicide and the other a sadist who chops off people's legs when he disapproves of them; each has a daughter going mad. One may feel after one and half hours that this is a bit thick, but the film (until its last stages) has very solid merits which at the moment are welcome.

So Proudly we Hail! is an over-long, lush, sensational drama of nurses in Bataan and Corregidor. It is based on fact and highly unconvincing. Lieutenant Colbert has a nine-hour honeymoon between dive-bombing and evacuation; Nurse Goddard always has her simple admirer on tap; Nurse Lake walks into a bunch of Japanese and blows up herself and them in a moment for which her hair has been carefully let down. Some of the details of hospital routine in appalling difficulties are exciting, but this is just another tribute gone wrong. Thank heaven English producers, whatever their faults, have never attempted in this way to dramatise Dunkirk.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE AIRMAN

AFTERWARDS he may take thought
And praise, who now may not
Move farther than the moment's jot.
Afterwards who lives may dare
To stop and spit and backward stare
Up at the proved and friendly air.
But not now, no, not now: who knows
Which moment falls the forward rose?
What hole may open at the feet
Of him who boasts himself complete?
Or whose the mercy, whose the might
Sustains the tight rope of his flight?
His armour's to be unespied,
Therefore he strips-off all his pride,
Assumes the cerements of air
That has no here, and owns no there.
Then should death meet him it will see
Nothing but clear neutrality,
And, gazing still, its eyes will pass
Purely through him as if through glass.
And yet, compulsive and complete,
His fate caves darkly at his feet;
Far in the bottoms of the world
His path is smoothed, his pit is curled.
O long the flight but short the spill
That lands the cock on his dunghill.
Balanced on searchlight-tip his plane
May glint like tinsel, fall like rain:
Wadded in fluffy salvoes he
May see the silent blood flow free:
And look! out of the blue unrolls
His vapoury bandage, scrolls on scrolls
Of lightest linen following fast
As if to fold and overcast.
Then praise not now his skill or nerve
Who knows how errors made him swerve
From his dead reckonings that must
Have milled and ground him into dust.
He knows the smooth handrail of flight
Has stuttering verticals of fright;
Lives by Death's negligence and not
By any guards the gods allot.
To meet with all, but go with none,
That is his fate whose single fun
And only ease is to be found
Upon the bosom of the round
And randy air. To it he'll give
Up everything that he may live.
Then keep your praise, nor ask him why
He pierces you with pinsight-eye;
Nor smile compliantly when he
Fobs off applause, for yours may be
The grin that will precipitate
The gravelly avalanche of fate.

Gravely each night he raises hell,
And he has seen great Gabriel
Jog God's elbow, bid Him look
Up from His absorbing Book
To—absent-mindedly—admire
The rhododendron banks of fire
Flowering from roofs that upward point
Their pleading hands, all out-of-joint,
Till God, replete with sacrifice,
Rubs planes like motes out of His eyes.

Afterwards he may take thought
And praise, who now may not
Move farther than the moment's jot.
Meanwhile within the mindless deep
Of his humility he'll keep
A waking seed of self that will
One day dance on every hill.
These are dead men: like seed they fly
On every silky wind, and die
Into their pride that there may grow
More humility below:
Not till that tuberous trumpet breaks the clay
Will they rise up, their resurrection day.

W. R. RODGERS

Correspondence

POST-WAR AVIATION

SIR,—According to Press reports, Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have agreed informally on the principle of free air for post-war aviation. What that principle of so-called freedom comes to can be seen from the following.

Mr. Roosevelt said that if a Canadian air liner ran to the Bahamas or Puerto Rico there was no reason why that line should not be allowed to land planes for refuelling in America. But if it landed at, say, Buffalo, it would not be allowed to pick up passengers there and set them down at Miami. Similarly the British might run a line from England to Australia and New Zealand. There was no reason why their planes should not land at New York for refuelling, but they would not be allowed to pick up passengers there and take them to the Pacific coast.

Now an arrangement which would compel a plane to travel empty from Buffalo to Miami, or from New York to Los Angeles, will strike the ordinary man as senseless, and I can give him my professional assurance that it is so. The virtual scrapping of transport accommodation is a piece of fatuous restrictionism on all fours with the burning of coffee, the ploughing-in of cotton and the slaughtering of hogs for cart grease. I defy anyone to demonstrate that it is not anti-social. On these lines the only hope for the post-war world lies in bigger and better smuggling, bootlegging and black-marketing. Thank Heaven, the commando boys are getting a good training for these social services.

It is becoming the moral duty of all good men and true to produce counter-schemes to these damfool enhancements of scarcity, and in the present case I toss off the following proposal. Let the Canadian Air Line pick up passengers at Buffalo and ostensibly book them through to the Bahamas. Arrange for them to be taken ill over Florida and make an emergency landing at Miami. The passengers will emerge with white faces (the stewardess can fix that up) and declare themselves incapable of continuing the journey. They can then recuperate at Palm Beach in accordance with their original intentions.

London, N.2. G. L. SCHWARTZ

THE TORY BLOCKADE

SIR,—Apropos of the remarks in your leading article to-day on Building Societies and the Uthwatt Report, Mr. David W. Smith, Manager of the Halifax Building Society is reported as having stated that the State acquisition of development rights in land would strike a mortal blow at the ideals of house ownership.

I do not see that it need do anything of the sort. I feel sure that most small householders would much rather pay a reasonable ground rent to the State than be obliged to find the extra capital required to purchase a plot at the inflated values demanded by some speculative building company. And if the State were to grant leases in perpetuity, or for very long terms, the householder would have all the advantages of freehold ownership at less capital expenditure than at present.

Moreover, only by a system of State ownership will it be possible to ensure a proper planning of land to its most efficient economic uses, and the checking of that rampant speculation in values which has done so much harm to the country.

Cressida, F. G. COATES,
Cobham Road, Leatherhead. M.Inst.R.A.

INDIAN FAMINE

SIR,—Concerning the famine in India, little is being done because the sufferings of the Indian people are still judged mainly from the propaganda angle. It is shocking to Indians that even in these grave times the prestige of the Government should appear to be the principal concern of many British people and not the relief of distress. I need hardly stress that the best means of ensuring the good name of Britain abroad is right action and not mere propaganda, however outwardly successful. The double standard of values—one for one's own people and another for the rest of the world—is unfortunately at the root of much of the world's trouble to-day.

39 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6. SASADHAR SINHA

SIR,—*Re* your article on the responsibility for famine conditions in India, it might interest you to know that in one of the Provinces with provincial autonomous government, viz. Sind, sufficient foresight prevailed for a strict control of grain and similar foodstuffs to be imposed from the very beginning. The result is that now the food prices in Sind are about half what prevails elsewhere, although there has been a continuous export to other provinces so that their own supplies are not actually more per head than in other provinces.

These measures were, in fact, taken against the advice of the central Government of India at the time, but there was no reason why other provinces could not have done the same. With a certain amount of determination autonomy can be put into practice, even in India.

D. J. Dow

ACTOR AND CRITIC

R,—Mr. W. J. Turner asks what is the matter me, and then splutters and screams about my for undiluted praise, my servile whining, my pousness and pretentiousness. And all this use I had the audacity to make an uncompli- ary reference to a book in a series edited by Turner, to a contributor to that series actually en by Mr. Turner. (And let me tell him that g had another look at Mr. Greene's sketch of mporary English dramatists, I find it still hope- wilful and distorted.) And now I will tell Turner what is the matter with him. Just as he lways been a good poet, so, too, he has always been her wrong-headed and violent critic, and once he has lost his temper. I hope now that he will another good poem and recover his temper.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

,—Mr. Turner takes Mr. Priestley to task for that the Britain in Pictures series "has had some l backing." I could explain how this impression een created in the minds of other authors be- Mr. Priestley's, if I were at liberty to quote letters written and signed by Mr. Turner lf.

ferring to the book *British Dramatists*, Mr. r says that he considers that Mr. Graham e "in the space at his disposal paid a generous ust tribute to contemporary dramatists." The at Mr. Greene's disposal was clearly a matter r. Greene himself to decide, within the limits book as a whole. A writer of his skill and ience could have reserved himself four or five if he had thought fit. But evidently he felt alf a page was enough for the dramatists who appeared in the last twenty years. *Murder Cathedral* gets a mention. Maugham gets of praise for *Our Betters* and a line of blame *he Sacred Flame*. Priestley and Ronald Mac- get one line each. O'Casey and Denis John- share one line between them. Coward gets nes. The only other new dramatist mentioned mon Sylvaine, who brings up the rear triumph- with seven lines.

body but Mr. Turner could maintain that this age pays "a generous and just tribute to con- rary dramatists." Mr. Greene himself is much autious. He begins the passage with the state- hat "it is a little invidious to hand out bouquets oisoned chalices to contemporaries."

A. D. PETERS

Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

CHRISTIANITY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—The disagreement between "Critic" and the six headmasters on the question of Christianity as the basis of public school education evidently hinges on a difference of interpretation. The ethical code he sets out is a simplification of the Christian faith which in a wider sphere admits of two diametrically opposite interpretations; one leads to pacifism; the other leads to a considered decision that the forces of evil at present working in the world will win a permanent victory unless they are liquidated by every means at our disposal. When he says that it has never been taken seriously he is thinking exclusively of the first interpretation. Granted that for a large part of the population of this country participation in the war is not primarily based on spiritual considerations, would he deny that the second interpretation is taken by a large number of men and women who to the best of their ability are following the Christian faith? If so there is no more to be said. But if not then I would suggest that the simplification is equally misleading for a consideration of public school education.

The six headmasters who wrote to the *Times* were not alone in their claim: a recent booklet entitled *Public Schools and the Future*, published by the Headmasters' Conference, says in an introduction:

"What do the schools stand for? First and foremost, for the Christian faith as the basis and inspiration of all their work. It is the Headmasters' firm conviction, publicly and unanimously expressed on more than one occasion, that unless education is rooted in the study and practice of the Christian faith, it will bring no fruit to perfection."

It is not for me to try to interpret the headmasters, but may I take two of "Critic's" points and try to show their relation to the Christian faith?

Take in the first place the reference to "a mystical faith which means little to most school boys." The foundation on which practice of the Christian faith must be based is worship: to some boys services in a school chapel do not appear to mean very much; but to many others, whether at the time or in later years, their influence approaches very closely to a mystical faith. It must not be forgotten that school boys, perhaps public school boys especially, are notoriously undemonstrative, and evidence of anything so deep-seated may not be conspicuous.

"They learn team spirit and the habit of getting along with other boys." This is only one way of putting into effect the command to love one's neighbour. Presumably the thought that was in the back of "Critic's" mind is shown by his parenthesis—that the team spirit, or the loyalty, puts the smallest unit first instead of last. It must be admitted that the tendency exists, but it is not by any means peculiar to public school boys: the failure, if it exists, is to give the command a wide enough interpretation, and does not invalidate the measure of success already achieved in its fulfilment.

Finally, a point to which "Critic" does not refer: the Christian tradition inherited by most public schools results in the contact between boys and men to whom the Christian faith is the basis and inspiration of their work: the qualities he enumerates are capable of being used for good or for bad ends, and such contact must inevitably exert an important influence for them to be used in the best way.

13 Horton Crescent, Rugby. ALEC KING

RELIGION IN STATE SCHOOLS

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Evelyn Waugh's letter, one can well understand why he dislikes Sir Percival Sharp's figures. He and your readers should read Sir Richard Gregory's *Education in World Ethics and Science*, recently published by Watts; fuller details are given therein. Will Mr. Waugh repeat his statement that they are "wildly silly"?

As he dislikes the publication of facts about *juvenile* delinquents I will answer him with adult prisoners. For example, in New Zealand prison figures for 1930 there were 888 Roman Catholics, where on the strict arithmetical proportion in comparison with Church of England they should have shown only 376. Thus there were over twice as many Roman Catholic prisoners as their numbers in the country warranted had their criminality been no greater than those belonging to the Church of England.

As I am more considerate of your space than is Mr. Waugh I need not amplify by further citation; prison records almost always tell the same story. Why should public money out of Protestant pockets be spent on religious instruction which shows such deplorable results? MARIE C. STOPES

Norbury Park, Dorking, Surrey.

SIR,—Your correspondent on "Religion in State Schools" waxes sarcastic at his own expense. Dr. Stopes' figures are sound enough referring as they do to the number of delinquents *per thousand of the normal population*. The "933.9 per thousand" that Evelyn Waugh is so worried about are those that do *not* come before the courts. If he had taken the trouble to inquire into so elementary a point perhaps he might have found a few other facts not so "wildly silly" as he thinks.

It is a repeated finding that "church affiliations very frequently were not potent in combating stresses

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HSIEH PING-YING

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JONATHAN CAPE

that make for the production of delinquency" (Healy and Bronner. *New Light on Delinquency*, 1939). The authors go on to say "pastors and Sunday School teachers usually know little of the lives and personal problems of the young people they are endeavouring to influence." If one should think this applies only to the U.S.A. where the above work was carried out one can take a more recent survey undertaken by the Educational Psychologist for the Bradford Education Committee. Here the findings are put even more bluntly as follows (p. 27 of the report). "The delinquency rate per 1,000 in the Provided Schools is less than half that in Roman Catholic Schools and slightly less than in Church of England schools." (The figures given are 6.6, 15.3, and 7.5 respectively).

Further, in answer to your second correspondent from the *Catholic Herald* the same report finds: "Poor material conditions in the home cannot be put down as a cause of delinquency. Judged by expenditure on rent and rates no direct relationship between poverty and delinquency can be shown."

I can only plead with the foreword to this report "that the determined facts . . . must be faced and reasoned deductions sought" neither of which desirable aims are likely to be achieved by the obscurantism of obviously vested interests.

MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

29 Park Square, Leeds, 1.

FUTURE OF SOUTH WALES

SIR,—"Critic" rightly praises Mr. Devereux for imagination, and rightly says that he has played an important part in introducing a valuable new industry into South Wales. But he would have been able to check his impression of the novelty of Mr. Devereux's latest proposals had he glanced at the index of the Second Industrial Survey of South Wales (published six years ago). There he would have found references to smokeless fuel, numerous by-products of coal, plastics, the chemical industry, aluminium, ferro-chrome and ferro-alloys. If he had been tempted to read further he would have found an outline of a plan for an electro-chemical trading estate. If Mr. Devereaux would like to know in confidence who torpedoed that plan I will tell him.

Though it received much publicity at the time (the NEW STATESMAN was very generous), the Second Survey is now largely forgotten. Moreover, we made the mistake of trying to do the job thoroughly and produced three volumes: consequently, few people read more than the reviews. But somehow or other the many new factories which have been placed in South Wales since we wrote have been placed in the very places which we recommended as suitable for development. Evidently we did not talk nonsense about location. Perhaps time will prove that we were not so very wide of the mark in our suggestions for new industries.

H. A. MARQUAND,
One of the Directors of the Survey

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

SIR,—Prominent Scottish farmers noticed with surprise and dissent Dr. Edward's statement in your issue of September 25th that religious scruples plus mental lethargy stand in the way of the development of A.I. in Scotland. Whatever reasons there may be for the somewhat slower adoption of the technique in Scotland than in England, these two are not among them.

Dr. Edward's pioneer work at Cambridge is widely recognised, and its success is considered by many to be due, at least partly, to his own Scottish parentage and education. Need more be said?

Perthshire. F. Y. M.

GIFTS TO THE NATION

SIR,—From time to time generous owners of country houses and estates present them to the nation and these benefactors seem likely to continue and probably to increase. I venture to suggest that a scheme should be put forward at once for making the best use of these gifts, the same to form part of the general scheme for social betterment after the war. No doubt suggestions as to their use would be forthcoming from readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

CYRIL T. EDGE

"HANG THE KAISER"

SIR,—I see that I may have given the impression that the actual slogan "Hang the Kaiser" came from the *News-Chronicle*, *New Statesman* sort of paper. I do not know that this is true, and if I gave the impression I ought not to have done so, and am very sorry for it. What I think is quite true, and what I was trying to insist, was that the moral indignation combined with demand for personal punishment came much earlier in the last war than is generally remembered, and I think in the main from progressive papers like the *Daily News* and *Daily Chronicle*, the *Nation* or *New Statesman*. The two phrases which I find on my notes, looking hurriedly (I am just off by train), which I think I had particularly in mind are: Massingham, on the 19th September, 1914, about Germany must be made to pay, and pay heavily; and A. G. Gardiner, after Scarborough, insisting that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince "if guilty . . . were to be tried."

KENNETH PICKTHORN

Corpus Christi College,
Cambridge.

[The statement to which Mr. Pickthorn refers, was made by him in the House of Commons on September 22nd. We asked him to substantiate his assertion and this is his reply. The matter discussed in the London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE CASE OF THE HOMOSEXUAL

SIR,—If the two writers who object to my quoting Stekel as an authority will reread my letter they will see that I had ample reason. I much regret this controversy over "cure." Those who wish to practise it will never get the co-operation of homosexuals, indeed many patients outside prisons, while the present barbarous law remains in force.

If their interest in the welfare of the homosexual be genuine, they will surely desire first of all to remove this intolerable burden, and then to set about the "cure."

Can we not unite upon this primary issue?

6 Bloomfield Cresent, Bath. R. D. RIN

PEOPLE'S COMMON LAW PARLIAMENT

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to Mr. Driberg's remarks about the People's Common Law Parliament in your issue of August 21st last.

Mr. Driberg has, apparently, maliciously attempted to make your readers believe that the P.C.L.P. is a "dubious" organisation, a "pacifist" organisation by inference Roman Catholic in conception and direction, and through association with another organisation of a Buchmanistic tendency.

I have had to use the word "maliciously" because I cannot believe that Mr. Driberg could have misread the word "Trust" as "Truth" in describing the People's *Trust* Association Ltd., by mistake.

While I am a prejudiced party, being Chairman of the Bristol Council of the P.C.L.P., I can assure your readers that the various accusations made, inferred and otherwise, are quite untrue. Might I also suggest that they should find out what the movement has done and is doing in bringing to light corruption and injustice in national and local government before accepting as true these or any other flights of imagination?

D. S. GORDON-BROWN,
Chairman Bristol Council of the P.C.L.P.

8 Worcester Terrace,
Clifton, Bristol, 8.

[We regret that this organisation was called "Truth" instead of a "Trust" Association. The mistake was not "malicious," or even made originally by us. Mr. Driberg was misled by an article in another periodical in which, as the result no doubt of a printer's error, "Truth" was substituted for "Trust."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BORN UNDER SATURN

The Biography of William Hazlitt

C. M. Maclean

Fully illustrated.
632 pages. 21s.

MOTHER RUSSIA

Maurice Hindus

'There is no better interpreter of contemporary Russia. He gives us a wonderful account of Russian men and women.' ROBERT LYND in the *News Chronicle*. 12s. 6d.

COLLINS

The Ideal Foundations of Economic Thought

by W. STARK

15s. *net*

"Once again we are indebted to the International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction for a book of stimulating originality and real importance. . . . In their search for the truth the moderns have neglected the quest for the good. Dr. Stark has done the twentieth century a great service by resurrecting the masters to give evidence before our planners. If the evidence of Locke and Leibniz is heard and understood it will be of inestimable value."—*Times Educ. Supp.*

KEGAN PAUL

The Hogarth Press have just published:

★ AGAINST THE TIDE
by Arnim Westerholt 8s. 6d.

A novel which should be read by everyone interested in the problem of 'good' and 'bad' Germans. The action takes place partly in the Third Reich, partly in Britain, where, just before the war, an Anglophile German Professor is on a visit with a party of Nazi students. *The first impression was exhausted on publication and a second is preparing.*

Two books of stories to be published in the winter:

★ A HAUNTED HOUSE
by Virginia Woolf 7s. 6d.

This volume contains all Mrs. Woolf's short stories, with the exception of two or three she did not wish to have reprinted.

★ FIREMAN FLOWER
by William Sansom 8s. 6d.

SOUTH LODGE

by DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Reminiscences of Violet Hunt, Ford Madox Ford and the "English Review" Circle

Constable 15s

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"ELL, I have had a happy life." Those words en on his death bed, have puzzled many a er of Hazlitt's biography. What happiness d there have been for one who, as De Quincey e: "usually placed himself in collision with the interests that were in the sunshine of world." Querulous with his friends, enjoying love from women or for them, surrounded political enemies, generally poor, always worked, Hazlitt ended a morose and rebel- s career in wandering homelessly from one don lodging to the next, eating chops and king gallons of strong tea, until, withered by gestion, he died in Frith Street. If his words rue, how little we know of what it is that makes happiness of our friends. And yet there is eed to doubt his words. If one of the sure pts for happiness is to live in the imagination, litt certainly did that. The egoist, too, can milate the world until it grows like a skin over wounds of frustration and despair. Again, s a matter of common observation that le whose lives appear to be one calamity another often have a vast capacity for ying the minor pleasures of life. Or if iness depends on our capacity for feeling ly, was it here that Hazlitt scored over a ing fate?

have been going over these old questions as I read a voluminous new life of Hazlitt* Catherine Macdonald Maclean. This book, ing with words, demonstrative and, at s, suffocating in its sympathy, is based on nt research; and if it produces no new it reinterprets the already known ones a whole-hearted solicitude such as no other apher of Hazlitt has felt. I doubt if the of Hazlitt profits by so many caresses. Some think that Mr. Augustine Birrell's short Life too inclined to look at the subject with the me lack of illusion that one experienced onformist is inclined to apply to another hat prickly community; but Mr. P. P. e's standard biography restored the balance could not be improved upon this side of ulation. There, of course, Miss Maclean s in. So much in Hazlitt's life is specula- Why did the exquisite, happy and clever of the early portraits, so suddenly turn se and sullen? The change of character notorious in the family. Why did he become cally intransigent so that we have to go back efoe before we find a nonconformist so utterly ed and nonconforming? And Defoe, of e, had the private solace of a bad conscience, Hazlitt never had. What went wrong with tt's marriages? Why was his friendship rtyrdom to people who, not unnaturally, not spend all their time minding their p's 's with him? These questions arise because her English critic warms us so quickly with uline acumen, generosity and imaginative sense. A hard thinker he is nevertheless mely sociable; in rebellion he is eloquent; dgment no man gives a finer measure. The hines upon his table so that even in that frightening essay of his on the immortality red, he reads more like a man enjoying his energy—as Stendhal does too: they had in common—than a misanthropist butting ol at the heart of human hope.

picture of Hazlitt begins to take shape. ays think when we remember what his g ought not to make us forget: that he ot an Englishman. He was half Irish—one fey, romantic, Protestant Irish who were sts in their own country and strangers in ne. If a man's temperamental basis is d, as they say, by the time he is five, the ive years of Hazlitt's life foreshadow the ity of rebellion, restlessness, and powerful gias in his character. He saw his father he British Government about the treatment erican prisoners in Ireland. He saw his father stand for justice and refuse to stay in his native land. He knew in Ireland and later on in America the power of the memory of home. Both the isolated life of the family—they were Unitarians, a small and, to the mass of people, a peculiar sect—and their rootlessness not only must have intensified the inner life of the boy, but also must have increased the whisper of associations in his mind. And while he was safe in the life of his family, he could feel the loftiness of a kind of dedication and the freedom which security gives us. It is not surprising, therefore, that the first appearance of sullenness came when the boy was sent away from home to stay with people who did not conserve the intensity of family life and who in fact neglected him. Hazlitt's quarrel was with the world. He quarrelled with it because it gave him none of the privileges of that childhood which so many of his essays evoke. In all affections he looks back to the past.

It is always hard to know where one should draw the line in generalising about national character. But a great deal of Hazlitt's nature seems to be what we call Anglo-Irish. It is rebellious and it is childish; it is uprooted and susceptible to nostalgia; it is cool because it is homeless and for that reason, also, sociable. It is histrionic because uncertain. There is a profound national uncertainty. Hazlitt's passion for abstract thinking is of a piece with all this. Compared with the metaphysics of Coleridge, Hazlitt, in addition to abstract thought, is a homely pattern-making, and curiously sterile—on a lower plane, one thinks of the abstractions that separated the two sides in the Irish Civil war—and one is inclined to think of the well-known Irish love of fighting and sociability as attempts to relieve the tedium of abstract propositions and to get at least something out of them. Somewhere within bounds rather like these the character of Hazlitt lies, and I would apply the theory to him in the following way. Let us take the incredible love affair with Sarah Walker, the lodging house keeper's daughter, who is the heroine of *Liber Amoris*. Neither Mr. Birrell who writes drily of the affair, nor Miss Maclean, whose theme is that this frenzy was the great and perhaps the only passion of Hazlitt's life, seem to notice how histrionic it is. Mr. Birrell is of the opinion that Hazlitt was a pretty cool fish; Miss Maclean would disagree and say that he felt deeply, pointing to the shattering effect of the affair on his health and mind. It is as hard to measure a man or woman's feeling as it is to measure degrees of pain; but the more I read *Liber Amoris* and collate its evidence with the rest of Hazlitt's writing, the more I incline to Mr. Birrell's opinion. But with this difference: that I do not believe Hazlitt's coolness is the pawky, calculating coolness, the mere sentimentality in fact, of the Puritan, but the coolness of the actor. There is a dissociation of the emotions and the sexual instincts in Hazlitt, as Miss Maclean says; and they weep and implore, rage and lie at each other like ranting actors on a stage. And they do not tell the truth. Hazlitt was an hysterical man. He lived on his nerves and imagination had strained them, in the *Liber Amoris* affair, until verily he was torn between heaven and hell. He acted until the thing seemed real to him. He was shattered not by a tragic passion, but by his own performance. I do not believe the high-flown language of *Liber Amoris* is only the convention of Romantic literature. No doubt Romantic love did so express itself in that period, did so consistently; whereas in *Liber Amoris* there are two manners: the peculiar realism of the setting, recorded in all its triviality not to say squalor; and then there is this grandiloquence which, as Miss Maclean herself shows by comparing certain passages with his diary, is assumed like a euphemism to cover up hateful thoughts.

If, as Virginia Woolf said, we are embarrassed when Hazlitt talks about his feelings—though never when he speaks of his sentiments and that strong world of associations in which his imagination was at home—it is because of the actor in him. Fate, which has a sense of humour gave to Hazlitt two wives who were both unimpressed by acting—or shall we say, they were not imaginative enough to act themselves. The first, the hard-hearted and flirtatious Miss Stoddard, who hated housekeeping, liked her money, her glass of brandy and her chop, and who behaved so imperturbably in Edinburgh when she came to arrange about their divorce—this one was one of nature's widows, as guarded in her way as Hazlitt was in his. That marriage might have been saved if, as Hazlitt remarked admiringly of French women, she had learned the art of conversation. His second wife, who is thought to have had this art, appears to have decided that even this was not enough; but to give mind, heart and body to one woman, was an impossibility with Hazlitt. His mind was in love with fairies, the coolest of the heart's creatures; his body consoled itself with women of the town. One can put it down to the Romantic dualism; one can put it down to an early isolation from women and fear of them; we can speak of those gross tastes which so commonly dog the high imagination or simply say that Hazlitt liked to be promiscuous and free. But the feyness of that childish face, its wistfulness, its rather fine vanity suggest that the security of his intense life as a child, was the hidden guard in his life. Once bitten, twice shy. Entrenched in the family's tradition of dedication and rebellion, safeguarded by the memory of the gestures of his father's conscience, when he defied the English and later the Americans, who refused the Unitarian religion, Hazlitt knew he was safe and fulfilled when he was alone. His imagination fulfilled him, as living never could.

Somehow like that he must have been. Why should he be petted or caressed? Miss Maclean who is very thorough and is often very illuminating, especially on the perversity of his character, has been carried away, as we all are, by his style. His familiar style was his greatest performance. It was an art long and silently prepared. And she has been persuaded to pitch his life on the top notes—which were never quite the best ones—of that remarkable keyboard. But some sound, sane substance of the eighteenth century was in Hazlitt's mind. From the nineteenth century he had sympathy, his unmatched power of appreciation; but the old century made the structure of his judgment. One misses in Miss Maclean's pity for his emotions and his fate, that other part of the picture: the realism, malicious though it often was, of say *The Spirit of the Age* and his judicious humour when he judged another man's style. The impulse, the suffering, were only half the man in Hazlitt. He is a wrestling match, not a single cry from a frustrated heart.

V. S. PRITCHETT

n under Saturn. By CATHERINE MACDONALD AN. *Collins.* 21s.

APOLOGIA

Call No Man Happy. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *Jonathan Cape.* 12s. 6d.

There is a note of appeal in that title borrowed from Sophocles, "No man can be called happy until his death." M. Maurois, fearing lest he should be misjudged by his contemporaries, has wished to submit to the public and perhaps to posterity, not only his public record as a French writer whose popularity chiefly thrived on his English associations, but also his life as a man. The author therefore clearly invites a scrutiny which at times proves to be a little embarrassing: we feel somewhat like a guest who, although pressed to visit the whole house, is inclined to limit his inspection to the reception-rooms. Yet this is not a book meant to be judged solely on its literary merits. Its purpose is to picture a character and to describe motives. The public is put by the author himself somewhat in the position of a jury. It is a difficult situation and, as no one can claim to deliver a moral verdict on M. Maurois, the best one can do is for each of us to decide whether or not he finds the case interesting, and the character thus unfolded sympathetic.

I have read that book without any prejudice. My chief impression throughout remains that of a lack of warmth. I found nothing in it to disprove the author's claim that there have been many

moments in his life "when he has deliberately sacrificed his own interests for what he considered to be his duty." There is much, in fact, which suggests that the character he depicts has lived as much in accord with his own conscience as his own limitations and the pressure of events permitted. Yet, with all that, this is a strangely "inhuman" record. The conception which pervades its pages is that of a world generally made for M. André Maurois to behave well in it, a world in which the little weaknesses of our existence must be carefully avoided, since they might imperil a nice moral balance or stain the purity of suffering in the same way as contact with misery and shabbiness might soil an immaculate morning-coat. We have ample evidence of sensitiveness, indeed of a touchiness which reacts to hurt, that of the "tender-hearted boy," as M. Maurois was still described in recent years by his teacher Alain. Yet the author does not convey at any time the impression that this sensitiveness has been more than purely receptive except in intellectual flights of imagination. And it is remarkable to find, having read the first half of the book in which he evokes his childhood, adolescence and first marriage, that we hardly know anything of him save through his intellectual pursuits or moral gauntness in successful business enterprises. His memory of the early years when his father raised him in his arms to look through the window, rarely lacks that mellow quality which time alone usually suffices to bestow on the remembrance of things past. We follow him through several years of married life with a woman whom he called the "Sylphide" for her radiant beauty, without catching more than a glimpse of what she was, or what she felt, irrespective of M. Maurois's successive sensations of adoration, disappointment with her intellectual frivolity or slightly-grudging and self-exalting forgiveness. We follow him through his mourning, and his second marriage which he partly explains as "wise" as though any justification were morally necessary. We watch him thinking, honestly wondering whether he does the right thing or not, whether his mind, emotional power, public reputation, personality, writing talent, have "gained" or acquired something from happy or tragic events. And with all that, at the end of the book we still wonder what he has given (apart from ethical and sentimental punctiliousness) to the world that existed *about* him, and this seems, in spite of his prosperity and success through life, to have justified in his eyes such a title as "Call no man happy."

M. Maurois, to do him justice, confesses to an excess of austerity that may have rendered somewhat difficult his associations with human beings who could not unreservedly share his pursuits and intellectual ambitions. He describes himself as, in many ways, a Puritan. No man, of course, can justly be blamed for failing to enjoy plainly and directly the good things of life, for being incapable of a solid straightforward contact with life. There is a virtue in austerity. But Puritanism, if Puritanism there be, is something very different from moral scruple, ethical daintiness, or revulsion before common weaknesses. True Puritanism has passion in it, or else is no more than formalism. The character which M. Maurois depicts has sense of honour, probity, fear of public opinion, fairness in the various processes of temporal or spiritual acquisitions, a degree of conformity; but it is altogether lacking in passion. Neither through emotion nor passion does it ever outflow. And this autobiography which encompasses so many incidents that might be touching if they were made alive thereby, explains why such a gifted writer can accumulate learning and human experience without ever striking a note of greatness. It illustrates the profound truth contained in that paradox of Vauvenargue's: "Les passions ont enseigné aux hommes la raison." It helps us to understand why M. Maurois, having studied England with conscientiousness and talent for twenty years, failed in 1940 to sense the reaction of that nation and consequently to render to his own country in distress the great ambassadorial service for which his own record qualified him, and which circumstances turned more indeed than ever into a duty.

M. Maurois recounts the story of Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, who, fearing lest the gods should become jealous of his power and fortune, cast his most precious ring into the sea as a sacrifice to ensure their better will. Next day a fisherman brought back the ring which he had found whilst opening a fish. Polycrates thought this an ill-omen, and rightly so, for his power was soon wrecked and his island devastated. The lesson is that the tyrant had made too cheap a sacrifice to the gods and failed to appease them. M. Maurois wonders whether he has done the same. After reading the autobiography, written in New York, of a successful writer who shares none of the miseries of his nation and has but had the common share of happiness and ill-fortune, I can hardly resist the uncharitable impulse to suggest that the true gift to the gods would be for M. Maurois to feel that France's martyrdom exists in itself, as a human tragedy, and not only in the suffering caused to M. Maurois through temporary change of climate and literary outlets. But perhaps there are tasks which intellectual honesty alone cannot perform.

PIERRE MAILLAUD

ECONOMICS AND HEALTH

Birth, Poverty and Wealth. By RICHARD M. TITMUSS. *Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

On the wrapper of this book, we are told that Mr. Titmuss, by the application of the simple but ingenious statistical devices described in the text, arrived at the disturbing conclusion that inequalities between classes have steadily increased in the present century and are now greater than ever before. Those of us whose youth was spent in the last century will find it difficult to accept without further examination this statistical conclusion.

In the Supplement to the Annual Report of the old L.G.B. for 1909, Sir Arthur Newsholme wrote that "Infant Mortality is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare and the sanitary administration, especially under urban conditions." We all know that the death-rate of this country has fallen enormously during the last hundred years; and those of us who are interested in these matters know that this drop is very largely attributable to the much greater reduction in the infant mortality. The standardised official death-rates for 1942 are the lowest on record; while the infant mortality rate is the lowest in our history. There is, therefore, some hope that we shall avoid the decline forecast by population experts for 1970. Some four years ago, I pointed out in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that whereas the general death-rate in England and Wales had, in the previous fifty years, fallen from 21.4 to 12.4, the infant death-rate per thousand births had fallen from 149 to 58. I said that "encouraging as these reductions are, there is little excuse for complacency. Take the infant mortality rate. The average in England and Wales last year was 58; but in Merthyr Tydfil it was 79 and in Wigan it was 92, whereas in Bath it was 40 and in Eastbourne 31; and even in the London borough of Stoke Newington it was only 37." But I went on to argue that no revolutionary change in our policy of Fabian progressivism would seem to be necessary because whereas the infant death-rate of Stepney had, in eight years, been brought down from 90 to 60; and even the Merthyr Tydfil figure was 28 higher eight years previously, the Bath rate had dropped by only eight. I added that "probably, if we analysed the figures even of Bath or of Eastbourne or of Stoke Newington, we should find great disparity between the mortality rates of certain parts of those towns and those of other parts." An inquiry conducted a few years ago at Stockton-on-Tees showed that the crude death-rate in the best-off households was less than one-third of that in the poorer households.

It is those poorer and overcrowded households that keep spoiling the statistics.

In the Foreword which he contributes to book, Dr. Maurice Newfield points out that new-born child's chance of survival and he development, whilst depending in part on congenital equipment, turns in large mea on such external influences as the wealth of parents and their capacity to take advantage of medical knowledge and social services avail for his welfare—an excellent epitome of the es tial facts; but I suspect that Dr. Newfield Mr. Titmuss have not, in their further c clusions as to the relations between econo disparity and infant mortality rates, taken consideration all the relevant factors. Dr. N field agrees that whilst in Great Britain the of infant mortality is highest in the poo economic groups and lowest in the well-to in the twenty years before the present war infant death-rate fell in every social group; that *all* the figures of mortality show up b when compared with the figures for New Zea or pre-war Holland. Now, the interesting fa that neither New Zealand nor pre-war Hol had developed its mechanised industry to thing like the pitch prevailing in this countr both these countries being very largely cultural.

An analysis of the Life Tables issued in by the Registrar-General showed that if lived in Middlesbrough and were twenty yea age, your expectation of life was 39½, whe if you had the good luck to live in Reigate it nearly 47; but Dr. Major Greenwood sho that if you were a farm labourer living in part of the country at age 20, your expecta of life was nearly 49. The rural populatio England and Wales, which in 1861 was nine million to a town population of nearly el million, had fallen to eight million in 1914, w the town population had risen to twenty- million; and since 1914 this process had ste gone on. The urgent need of making the of the land of this country for the productio corn and other basic human needs, owing to difficulties and dangers of importing foods from abroad, has brought about a rise in cultural wages from 18*s.* a week to three po a week as a national minimum; whilst, co dently, the income tax of the well-to-do has raised, with scarcely a murmur of resistance ten shillings in the pound. Moreover, agricul is becoming more and more mechanised, and whole character of country life is changing. F various causes connected with the war, to people are invading the countryside, an healthier blend of urban and rural amenit beginning to emerge. We, as Socialists, much to be optimistic about, and are achie results without ourselves resorting to whol civil murder, as the Socialists in some countries have been obliged to do. The vision of a decent subsistence national minim for all as the first claim on industry coul secured within a year.

Mr. Titmuss has, rightly, a high reputatio a subtle and honest analyser of official figu but it seems to me that, for once, both he and able doctor who prefaces his present work allowed their scientific objectivity to be pered by personal presumptions and pre ceptions. It is but fair to note that Mr. Tit published his book before the Summary Repo the Ministry of Health for the year ending M 31st, 1943. The vital statistics therein pr a much less alarming picture than that draw the author of *Birth, Poverty and Wealth*. De in England and Wales in 1942, including civilian deaths registered in this country those due to enemy action, numbered 480,1 55,043 less than in 1941, the general death among civilians being remarkably low. A females the standardised rate was 6.84 per living, or 8 per cent. better than in any pre year, notwithstanding the inclusion of deat this country due to enemy action and the drawal of large numbers of healthy young wo from the civilian population. Among ci males the standardised rate of 9.52 was als lowest recorded, in spite of the consid

ct of selective recruitment. Mortality of ildren at the pre-school ages of one to five, ch had declined by no less than 47 per cent. ween 1931–35 and 1939, showed a further rovement of 2 per cent. in 1942; and at the ol ages of five to fifteen the low level reached 939 was regained. Live births, 654,039, eased by 66,811, and, after allowing for ths, there was a natural increase of 173,902, rate of 15.8 per 1,000 being the highest since

HARRY ROBERTS

HIGH JINKS IN HAMPSTEAD

Adventures of the Young Soldier in search of the Better World. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Faber & Faber.* 6s.

ooner or later it happens to all of us. Sooner ter we are asked: What do you think of Joad? me decline the challenge at once and simply that I cannot describe myself as being exactly *pport* with Dr. Joad. He has many admirable ts: lucidity, facility and gusto; prodigious gy in the pursuit of truth and in propounding solution to the riddles which face mankind. se gifts, together with a hatred of humbug, won him a vast audience. If I wince under jocularity, his turn of humour, his faint sms, his lust for the progressive and his y to turn most issues into black and white, uch the worse for me.

his latest book he is in jovial mood. A Young ier finds himself in Wonderland and questions people he meets about their solution for a r world. There is Mr. Transport'ouse, the -tape Worm, the Rev. Mr. Hateman, Mr. pegoat, Mr. Heardhux, Ultra-Red, an educa-list, a social-service worker, cranks of all riptions and the devil, Capt. Percy Nick -Cynik—get the joke?) All these creatures portrayed in a series of splendid drawings by Mervyn Peake. Finally, the Young Soldier erses with Dr. Joad—also portrayed by Mr. e—who points out the fallacies in the other kers' arguments and gives his own views. Young Soldier returns to camp a sadder and er man.

r. Joad's argument may be summarised as ws. Man is more likely to be happy by oining faith with works. He must experiment, verything once and even sow some wild oats young. He will find happiness, not in thing for it, but in his work, in sacrifice to cause or in service to the community; but so needs a faith to believe in, faith that there causes and people who matter more than himself. The problems facing Society are, however, more difficult, and those who provide a simple dogmatic solution to the world's ills are to be examined with suspicion. Despite goodwill and fervour for a better world we must expect very little. The world's young men are engaged in destruction, its children are ill-educated in wartime, millions slave long hours in factories. How can one, moreover, prophesy about the future of this country when in a hundred years time its population may only amount to four millions? If gentle direction to a better world be allowed, aim for three things: replace the sovereign state by some sort of federation; educate the people for leisure and citizenship; revive spiritual life.

Young soldiers will agree with Dr. Joad that they should not be optimistic. In fact, some feel even less sanguine than we about the future. He suggests it should not be difficult to replace the sovereign state by a federation; it would appear to be fraught with difficulty. We know only too well that it does not depend on Britain alone. Senator Vandenburg, who is determined to guard the inalienable sovereignty of the United States, has many overt and covert supporters, and the present Congress gives only tepid encouragement to the internationalists. Then there is the problem of our relations with Russia, which will take more than goodwill to solve: what, for example, will Russia's attitude be to a central-European federation? And then, was it wise to dismiss the Conservatives in the two characters of a windbag politician and a cynic? The Conservative Party numbers many able brains, and is supported by many able administrators, who unfortunately do not care much about the policy or lack of policy of their leaders provided they are allowed to get on with their job of administering. We have learnt not to underestimate their power. And then there is the Foreign Office. . . . Yes, there are indeed difficulties.

Dr. Joad frankly admits that he has not the faintest idea how a spiritual revival can be brought about, but argues that, unless people are given a religious receptacle into which to pour their natural emotions of reverence and worship, we must expect these same emotions to be lavished on dictators. If he had had space, no doubt he would have written a stimulating account—for he never fails to stimulate one way or the other—of the even wider problem, bound up with education, of how to revive enthusiasm for life in a democracy. One wonders how many after the war will feel (as the Russian leaders did after the last war) that no sacrifice in the standard of living is too great for the development of one's country; that Britain, noble, beautiful and liberal, must be an example to the world. Where in this century is the driving force comparable to Evangelical "reformism" and desire for self-improvement of the last century? Some such popular enthusiasm may be a necessity: salutary though unpleasant.

Finally, now that the young soldiers are instructed as to the nature of the better world, will Dr. Joad tell us how to force our elders to accept our views? Life has ordained that, although the young know what should be done, they have little power until, old, cynical and rusty, they hoist themselves wheezing into the saddle. Meanwhile, we shall speculate; we shall debate over cups of cocoa; we shall pore over our mentor's blueprint. But at the moment all we can do is . . . to sow some wild oats.

NOEL ANNAN

EVANS OF CRETE

Time and Chance: the Story of Arthur Evans and his Forebears. By JOAN EVANS. *Longmans.* 21s.

It is more years ago than I like to think that I took a walk with my tutor, and we happened to pass the Ashmolean Museum. "You ought," said he, "to take any chance you can get of hearing Arthur Evans. He may not be the greatest man in the University, but he is certainly the most remarkable"; and he told me of his amazing adventures and discoveries, of his quarrels with Austria, of his imprisonment and release, and of his "Mycenean" revelations, leading to his very lively tenure of the Keepership of the Ashmolean Museum. Ever since then I followed, to the best of my ability, those Odysseys which culminated, but did not cease, in "Minoan" Crete; nor have I ever seen reason to modify my tutor's opinion. Arthur Evans was indeed a remarkable man.

He lived to be ninety, and died but a few months since; and this excellent Life, written by his forty-years younger half-sister, has just appeared to confirm one's idea of his character and one's admiration of his achievements. But it does more than that. Miss Evans has wisely decided to give us not merely a biography of Arthur Evans, but an account of his family, which proves to be as "remarkable" as himself, and to a great extent helps to explain him. On both sides, and in a dozen ramifications, it is far out of the ordinary. His grandfather, Arthur Benoni Evans, would probably have been more distin-

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guished had he come in a later generation; for he was a clergyman when, if you could not find a patron, you might look in vain for a living. Like others of the kind, Arthur Benoni made ends meet by schooling or coaching. When at last the ends did meet, he married Anne Dickinson, of the distinguished naval family; and thus a second strain of talent was crossed with that of the Evanses. All this, and more, is clearly brought out in these very interesting pages.

Of Arthur Benoni's seven children one was John, who scarcely needs an introduction. He was the world-famous "Flint" Evans, whose discoveries in British archæology and numismatics were decisive and revolutionary. And they are the more astonishing in that, while working them out with the utmost exactitude, he was also fully employed in his Uncle Dickinson's paper mills, in which he became the chief partner, and one who never neglected his work. In addition, everybody seemed to desire to consult him, and it would seem that he never repulsed anybody. The list of public offices which he held, as given by his daughter, is appalling. To mention but two or three, he was Deputy Lieutenant for the County, a County Magistrate, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and High Sheriff —this last at the cost of £500. It is not every Fellow of the Royal Society who can provide such a record. Miss Evans gives us an admirable character of an admirable man.

John Evans married, first, his cousin Harriet Dickinson. The eldest of their five children was Arthur John, the main subject of this volume, who seems to have been by nature not far from half a Dickinson. The portrait his half-sister draws of him is clear and fascinating. She makes no effort to hide those faults which were near allied to his virtues. For example, devoted as he was to his wife—Margaret Freeman, the daughter of the historian—it is quite plain that his work came first. They married in the middle of September 1878. By the end of October they had started for Ragusa. "Margaret was not strong; and early in December she fell ill. After a month's fight against illness she felt worn out. Arthur's inner fortress of reserve was still unpenetrated, and he was still at heart a solitary." It would appear that, setting out on his Bosnian adventures, he left her with an Italian maid. Similarly, when she died, "he was not overwhelmed. His habit of never identifying himself with another being meant that grief, however sincere, could not affect his integrity as an individual." Possibly, while admitting that Evans was in the right in his disputes with the Ashmolean authorities, we may find a little sympathy to spare for them. The "grind," however, came at last to an end, and Evans was able to give his main thought and time to the excavations in Crete which, beyond everything else, will be identified with his name. Reports arrived, that could be appreciated not only by the specialist but by the ordinary reader, of discoveries, especially at Cnossus—the old city of Idomeneus—which brought back to life a "Minoan" civilisation, and unearthed the ruins of a pre-Mycenean palace, with tablets, statuettes, cups, vases, frescoes, and "inscriptions in the prehistoric script of Crete."

If Columbus discovered a New World, Evans did something hardly less momentous—he brought to light an old one. Nor do I think that Time and Chance, concerned though they are in everything, were the chief agents in the work. The real toilers were diligence, determination and insight.

There are sixteen excellent illustrations and two pedigree tables.

E. E. KELLETT

Week-end Competitions

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2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 711

Set by Fred Oyster

We offer the usual prizes for the best limericks on either illnesses or fishes.

Report by Fred Oyster

From an enormous entry, more fishy than medical, I have made a selection; the prize-winners are starred.

ILLNESSES

*A gentleman, sadly rheumatic,
Refused to ascend to the attic:
"My ascent," he would cry,
"Can be but to the sky,"
And on this he was strangely emphatic. (E. W.

An old gourmet who'd grown somewhat stout
Felt a twinge and much feared it was gout.
"If I drink now," he thought,
"Three whole bottles of port,
It surely will settle the doubt." (Yo

There once was a doctor who said
"Far too many sick folk die in bed:
There's no deadlier place;
And to rescue the race,
I suggest using armchairs instead."
(TOWANBU

There was a young lady of Lee,
Who had all the poxes to see
If the little or bigger
Was good for the figure:
She died with a waist like a bee! (JEAN MA

*When a patriot Blimp of Bellevue
Caught measles (the German kind, too),
He called for paint-pots
And retouched all the spots,
Defiantly, red, white and blue. (ALLAN M. L

There was an old cynic who said:
"Though I don't despise colds in the head,
I get no real thrill
Till I'm dang'rously ill,
With good friends eating grapes round my bed."
(ALLAN M. L

Let the eugenist reach for his gun:
But would Keats have been Keats if A.1?
And the world better off
With a healthy Van Gogh
And a clean-living, right thinking Donne?
(STANLEY J. SHARP

*There was an old lady of Leicester,
Whose numerous ailments obsessed her.
She found no allure,
In an M. and B. cure,
And sedatives merely depressed her.
(IAN T. MACKE

There was an old man of Ebbw
Whose foot was too big for his shw;
When they asked, "It's bad gout?"
He was very put out,
At what he described *mauvais gw*. ("PIBW

*There's nothing so potent as mumps
For putting you down in the dumps.
You feel frumpy and grumpy
And jumpy and humpy
Because of those horrible lumps. (D. W. BA

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or reading I find constipation
ives leisure and helps concentration;
I get through quite a lot
Of Dickens and Scott,
nd each week the New Statesman and Nation.
(D. W. BARKER)

here was a young man who said, " God
Must find it exceedingly odd
" That of all the fishes
" They lay upon dishes,
The English will always have cod."
(P. J. TERRY)

here was an old man in the queue
he discoursed for an hour on the 'flu:
So infectious his tale,
He himself grew quite pale:
ow the rest of the queue has 'flu, too.
(W. STEWART)

f you feel that you're right on your beamends,
your gait is more rolling than seamen's,
And if camels in helmets
March over the pelmets,
ou've a touch of delirium tremens.
(LESLIE JOHNSON)

lmonary tuberculosis
all very well in small doses
t a gap in the lung
big as a bung
cans *years* while you twiddle your toeses.
(L. G. UDALL)

FISHES

here once was a naughty old salmon
ho maintained that he served God and Mammon,
But please understand
That the poor fish was canned
hen he talked this nonsensical gammon.
(LITTLE BILLEE)

ere's a great fundamentalist fish
ill haunting the route to Tarshish;
He remembers that off it
He once caught a prophet,
d hopes——? What a whale of a wish!
(LITTLE BILLEE)

id a mackerel born in the Dee,
hen he met a fresh herring at sea;
" You fellows get lots
Of applause from the Scots,
t a sky has been called after me."
(F. C. C.)

w often and often I wish
ived in green depths like a fish!
No noise. Not a thing
But the Mermaids who sing,
hilst their tails give a silvery swish.
(F. C. C.)

*There was a young person of Berks
So exceedingly partial to sharks
That she kept a small school
Of these fish in a pool
And taught them to make rude remarks.
(" HIG ")

There was a young person of Bicester
Who developed an 'orrible blicester,
They said: " When it's worse
We will send you a Nurse,
If it breaks we will send you a Sicester."
(" HIG ")

There once was a dignified gudgeon
Who retired to his den in high dudgeon.
For his daughter, called Kate,
Had married a skate
Thus blotting the gudgeon's escutcheon.
(N. P. MEADWAY)

Said an elderly roach to his wife,
" My career has lacked ardour and strife;
This river's not bad,
But I should have been glad,
To have had a more colourful life."
(Mrs. M. A. BRYAN)

In his cell lived a fine hermit crab
Who found life unbearably drab,
So he broke all his vows
And took as a spouse
The first dainty sole he could grab.
(GORDON SIMPSON)

*In Bermuda lives sly barracuda.
His outline is (so to speak) Tudor.
If you have a dislike
To the ordinary pike
You will find barracuda much cruder.
(PONTIFEX)

The whitebait's the one I admire.
He is served to the *haute monde*, or higher!
And the hours that he fleets
In free, splendid front seats
At the Odeon, Tatler or Empire!
(PONTIFEX)

Said a herring one day to a sole,
" Life's very unfair, 'pon my shoal;
When I'm stark on a slab
You will be with that crab
Billed in French at the Ritz-Metropole."
(STANLEY J. SHARPLESS)

From Ceylon to the island of Sark,
A fish to be feared is the shark,
With its horrible whim
For a raw human limb,
Its bite is far worse than its bark.
(WILLY TADPOLE)

The flesh of the herring atones
For its too multitudinous bones,
And thousands of maulers
Give thanks to the trawlers
With drag-nets in dangerous zones.
(WILLY TADPOLE)

*Sardines seem to get out of hand
In a way I cannot understand,
For they never appear
At the table, I hear,
Unless they are tight, oiled and canned.
(LESLIE JOHNSON)

A sensitive fish is the gudgeon,
Much given to umbrage and dudgeon.
It cannot stand chaff,
So please never laugh
At its efforts to master the trudgeon.
(LESLIE JOHNSON)

In His care for His little ones, God
Created a fish called the cod,
" Now Life," said the Giver,
" Depends on the liver,"
Said the cod " How uncalled for and odd!"
(SIR ROBERT WITT)

There was a young trout of Loch Ness,
Who aimed for the officers' mess.
But he waited too long,
And appeared somewhat strong.
And was served to a rank slightly less.
(JEHU)

A bigoted fish is the plaice,
With both eyes on one side of its face;
It lies in the mud
And thinks with its blood
And exults in superior race.
(MISS M. BOULTON)

" The West African flump, or mud-skipper,
Is a neat little fish," writes a shipper:
" He makes fast his behind
With pearl buttons, I find,
And his mouth is done up with a zipper."
(CYAN)

" He's a queer looking cove, is the flounder,"
Said the cod to the hake, " and a bounder."
" The whisper is rife
That he murdered his wife—
That flounder, the bounder, just drounder."
(CLEOULSTON)

*It's a nightmare that horrifies hakes
To finish as frugal fish-cakes;
But O, what a dream,
To be stewed slow in steam,
Or fresh-fried in respectable steaks!
(ALLAN M. LAING)

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